JANUARY 25c

THIS PRINTING: OVER 2,500,000 COPIES

Coronet



...DES RITA WANT ...REER OR LOVE?

Hollywood's Big Question

THE LIVING DEAD OF DEVIL'S ISLAND

Brutal, Shocking—But True!

See them! Taste them! Cheeselovers rave about these new KRAFT DeLuxe SLICES



IN FOUR WAYS THEY'RE FINER FOR CHEESE SANDWICHES

1 BETTER FLAVOR! PERFECT SLICES! By a marvelous new Kraft-patented method the fine process cheese is formed into slices as it comes from the pasteurizers—with extra-good flavor sealed in every one. Every slice is *perfect. No* slivers or "curling" edges.

2 KRAFT-PROTECTED! Right after pasteurization, 8 perfect slices are sealed in a neat ½-lb. package, protected until *you* slit the wrapper.

3 HANDIER! These slices separate so easily it's "almost like peeling a banana." And they keep beautifully —are always ready at a moment's notice for grand cheese sandwiches.

4 FIVE DELICIOUS VARIETIES! Besides extra-mellow Kraft Pasteurized Process American there's *Pimento, Swiss, Brick* and sharp *Old English Brand.* The neat packages are space-savers; keep *several* kinds ready.

The World's Favorite Cheeses are made or imported by Kraft.

AP2
.C767



How we retired with $250 a month

"STRANGE, I remember it so clearly—yet it's more than 20 years ago. For thanks to what happened Christmas Day in 1927, we're retired to California today with our income guaranteed for life.

"That holiday afternoon, while waiting for friends to come in, Dot and I sat by the fire, reading. Christmas always made me kind of stop and take stock. And *this* year I was turning forty. *I'm not getting any younger*, I thought, as I read.

"For years we'd dreamed that someday I would retire. We'd sell the house and move to Southern California. But we hadn't banked much. At almost forty, nearly half my working life was behind me. So I began to wonder that afternoon . . . *must I just live and work and die?*

"It was what I was thinking, I suppose, that made me notice the magazine page that said, 'You don't have to be rich to retire on an income.' There *was*, it said, a way for a salaried man to get a lifetime income of $250 a month at 60 and retire. The plan was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. I cut out the coupon.

"Soon my mail brought a booklet telling me about Phoenix Mutual Plans. I read it through, and I found one just right for me.

"We saw the stock market crash—depression—war. Again and again, we were thankful for our Phoenix Mutual Plan.

"Soon after Christmas 1947, my first Phoenix Mutual check for $250 arrived. We sold our house and drove West. Now the postman's our paymaster *for life*."

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee-pension programs. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR MEN | PLAN FOR WOMEN

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
870 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

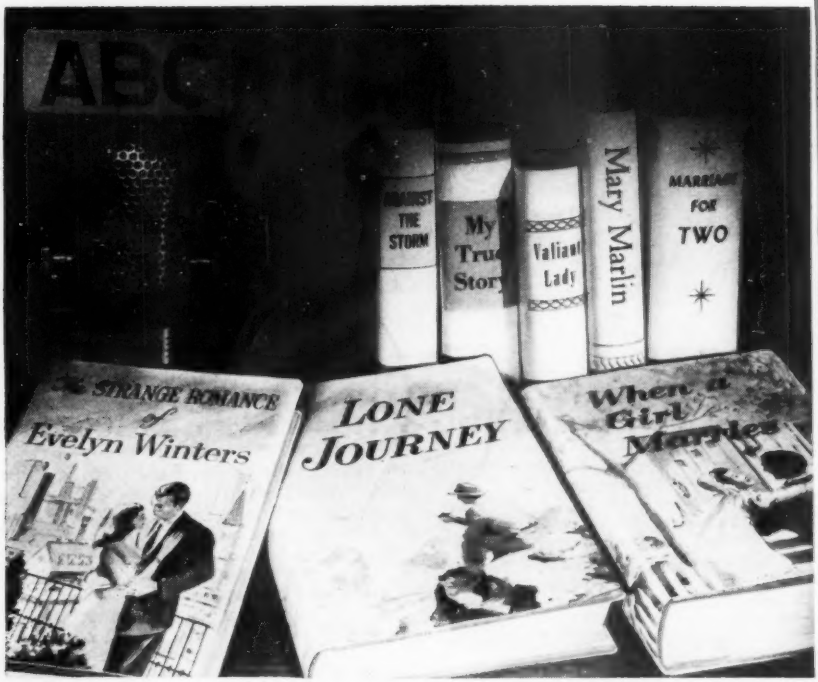
Name_____

Date of Birth_____

Business Address_____

Home Address_____

Copyright 1952, By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company



Stories to listen to...Stories to love...

Here are radio's most popular daytime dramas . . . warm, poignant, true-to-life stories . . . that will make your housework fly by! Hear them all, every Monday through Friday, on *your* local ABC Radio station.

My True Story. Real-life people seek love and happiness. 10 a.m. (Sterling Drug)

Against the Storm. Daytime drama's only Peabody Award-winner. Weekdays, 10:45 a.m. (Philip Morris)

Lone Journey. A businessman's search for happiness on a Montana ranch. 11 a.m. (No-Rinse Surf)

When a Girl Marries. The story of a young married couple's adjustments to life. 11:15 a.m. (Maxwell House Coffee)

Mary Marlin. The marital adventures that have thrilled millions. 3:30 p.m.

The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters. A playwright finds himself the guardian of a lovely girl. 3:45 p.m. (Philip Morris)

Valiant Lady. The courageous and inspirational story of a woman fighting fate's hardest blows. 4 p.m.

Marriage for Two. The problems of newlyweds and their struggle for lasting happiness. 4:15 p.m.

All times listed are Eastern Standard Time. In other time zones, consult your local paper.

ABC RADIO

American Broadcasting Company

Coronet

Publisher:
DAVID A. SMART

Editor:
GORDON CARROLL

Editorial Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Managing Editor:
JOHN BARKHAM

Associate Editors:
OLGA DAVIDSON
LAWRENCE ELLIOTT
BEN KARTMAN
R. B. LUNDAHL
RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.
LYNN MOEHLENBROCK
BEN NELSON
CHARLES ROBBINS

Roving Editor:
CAROL HUGHES

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Art Director:
GEORGE SAMERJAN

Advertising Manager:
PAUL F. JONES

David A. Smart, President & Chairman of the Board; John Smart, Vice-Pres. & Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Publication & General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial & Advertising offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Copyright: Coronet is copyrighted 1951 by Esquire, Inc., under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner, is prohibited.

Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

Contents for January, 1952 VOL. 31, No. 3, WHOLE No. 183

Articles

Life Begins at Any Time ..... DR. PETER J. STEINCROHN 19
Pilot Godfrey Sells Aviation to America ..... JAMES H. WINCHESTER 22
A Youthful Choir Rebuilds a Town ..... EUGENE DAVIS 27
I Cut My Weight By 150 Pounds! ..... MAC R. TARNOFF AS TOLD TO WAMBLY BALD 32
Good Shepherd of the Bronx ..... GLENN D. KITTLER 38
New Drugs to Ease Fear and Worry ..... MADELYN WOOD 51
Help Yourself to Gasoline! ..... ANDREW HAMILTON 56
Does Rita Want Career or Love? ..... GRADY JOHNSON 62
Get Out of Bed to Get Well! ..... MORTON M. HUNT 70
A Cat Called Tobias ..... ALAN DEVOE 73
Terror of the Deep ..... VICTOR BERGE AS TOLD TO HENRY WYSHAM LANIER 91
Our Hilarious Heroes: "Them U. S. Marines!" ..... COMMDR. WILLIAM J. LEDERER, USN 96
Golden Corn: The Wonder Plant ..... NORMAN CARLISLE 104
A Women's Army 11,000,000 Strong ..... CAROL HUGHES 108
Florida Loves Fred Mahan ..... BILL WEEKS 112
Fire from the Skies ..... NOEL PEATTIE 131
Arizona's Father to Brides and Grooms ..... OREN ARNOLD 134
Hobbies That Hold Your Family Together. ..... REED MILLARD 136

Pictorial Features

Television Etiquette ..... TV MANNERS 6
Coronet Recommends ..... MOVIES OF THE MONTH 8
Going Away in January? ..... TRAVEL TIPS 10
Warm Glamour ..... FASHION FORECAST 12
There's Nothing Like Boston ..... HAL CLANCY 14
They Hear By Eye ..... A CAMERA CLOSE-UP 16
Russia Betrayed ..... ART FEATURE IN COLOR 42
What I Know About Girls ..... LOUIS REDMOND 75
Night Over Hollywood ..... A PICTURE STORY 115
Bolt of Coincidence ..... INSIDE BACK COVER

Departments

Our Human Comedy ..... LAUGHS FROM LIFE 36
Cutting a Rug Around the World ..... A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 61
Grin and Share It ..... HUMOR FOR EVERYONE 68
Just for Sport ..... WITTICISMS 95

Condensed Book

The Living Dead of Devil's Island ..... GEORGE SEATON 139

Cover

"Thawing Time" ..... MAURO SCALI

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. **All undelivered copies should be returned to above address.** Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage.

Television Etiquette



When you take it upon yourself to adjust your hostess' television set, the implication is that she doesn't know how.



Rearranging someone else's furniture so you can have a good view of the screen will cut down your TV invitations.



You may be lucky enough to have a larger screen or a sharper image than your hostess. But bragging about it is boorish.



When others are watching, don't sit so that their view is obstructed. Television is a mass-entertainment medium.



Wait until the TV program is over to describe a new dress or a recipe. The show may be of interest to someone else.



If your guests are bored with the show you are watching, switch to some other program or else turn the set off entirely.

Posed by Gladys Thornton, Ray Mulderick, Doris Dalton, Charlotte Manson, and Jim Boles of the cast of *Kings Row*, NBC Radio.



17" RCA Victor Covington. Traditional styling. New, superior performance. Model 17T172, $379.50

City or country . . . unequaled performance with

RCA VICTOR television

New Super Sets with "Picture Power"

See the reasons why you should buy an RCA Victor Super Set:

- You get sharpest "big picture" detail
- Virtually *no interference*
- City or country—*clearest reception possible*
- "Golden Throat" tone system
- RCA Victor's unsurpassed engineering
- World's most popular television
- Beautiful cabinets—no extra charge for mahogany finish
- When UHF is ready, your RCA Victor set can easily be adapted.
- Dependable factory service

For the best in television service, buy one of RCA Service Company's budget-priced protection plans. The cost . . . as low as $5 for a year's protection on your RCA Victor picture tube.

Don't miss the Phil Harris Show, Sundays at 8 p.m., New York time, on NBC radio.

Price is suggested list price including Federal tax. Subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in far West and South.

RCA VICTOR

Division of Radio Corp. of America

World Leader in Radio . . . First in Recorded Music . . . First in Television

Coronet *Recommends . . .*



DISTANT DRUMS

MORE THAN 100 years ago, the Florida Everglades were torn by bitter fighting between settlers and soldiers and the Seminole Indians. With this epic chapter in American history as a foundation, Warners has turned out a thrilling Technicolor adventure story of the bloody struggle to win the jungle hinterland for the U.S. As a swamp fighter and scout, Gary Cooper adds another star to the long list of illustrious roles he has played.



WEEK END WITH FATHER

IMAGINE a summer-camp setting. Add a young widower and a pretty widow in a fumbling attempt to explain to their respective offspring that they would like to marry. Throw in a TV actress with eyes for the widower, and a muscle-rippling camp counselor with ideas about the widow. All this, plus Van Heflin, Patricia Neal, and an average of three laughs per scene, puts this Universal-International comedy in the top drawer.



AFRICAN QUEEN

IN A STROKE of casting genius, United Artists has brought Katharine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart together in a relentlessly taut drama of a prim, Bible-reading spinster and a rough-hewn, gin-tippling river captain. Thrown together by the declaration of war in 1914, they face the African jungle and the German enemy with nothing but each other and a flat-bottomed boat. *African Queen* will rank with the year's best films.


Double Fun!
Double Joy!
Double Everything!
DOUBLE DYNAMITE!
starring
JANE RUSSELL · GROUCHO MARX
FRANK SINATRA
Songs
"IT'S ONLY MONEY"
"KISSES AND TEARS"
Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS · Produced by IRVING CUMMINGS, Jr.
Screenplay by MELVILLE SHAVELSON · Story by LEO ROSTEN
RKO RADIO

Going Away in January?



Florida: Follow the sun to one of America's most popular playgrounds. An ever-beneficent sun and long sweeps of magnificent beach have, in a scant 40 years, changed Miami Beach from a desolate mangrove swamp to a tourist center of unparalleled luxury and gaiety. For rod-and-reelers: game fish of all kinds abound in the blue waters nearby.



Majorca: Off the Spanish coast lies a fabled island. Soft breezes and a peacefully blue sea frame the scene. Thrill to the Caves of the Dragon, and listen, spellbound, to the eerily beautiful concert of musicians who float on an underground lake lit by flickering torches. With fantastically low prices, Majorca is one of the best tourist buys in Europe.



Sun Valley: Long ago, nature carved a huge bowl from the Sawtooth Mountains in Idaho, blanketed it with snow, warmed it with sun, and gave to America one of the most popular winter resorts in the world. Now, you can ski the mountains' magnificent slopes, do a quick change and take a leisurely dip in the outdoor pools at trail's end.



Philadelphia: The city that cherishes Independence Hall and the Liberty Bell remains a heart-warming shrine for Americans. On January 1, even staid Philadelphians join in the unrestrained gaiety of the Mummers' Parade. Grotesque headpieces and brilliant costumes, the music of countless bands, make this one of the year's brightest festivals.

Just released!

A brand-new catalogue
of entertaining, informative
16mm sound



Free Films

Here's your brand-new catalogue, available without charge, of the many, many FREE films . . . a few with a small service charge . . . available to your group exclusively through Ideal Pictures. These sponsored films are all quality produced and have the accent on *entertainment!*

You'll want to write, phone or visit your local Ideal office (there are 26 nationally) to set up a regular schedule of these wonderful, *free* motion pictures. Or easier still . . . just use this coupon today.

From "Honor Caddie," one of these fine films.

Ideal Pictures
Dept. C-301, 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill.

☐ **Please send without obligation my complimentary copy of the new *Free Film Catalogue.***

☐ **Please give me information about setting up a regular schedule of these FREE films.**

Name _____ **Address** _____

City _____ **Zone** _____ **State** _____

Make, Model of projector _____



Glitter has been added to this sweater.



Soft lines illustrate a new trend.

Warm Glamour



This bold pattern is for the sportsman.

THE CLASSIC SWEATER, famous for warmth, wear, and glamour, now has a new look. Cardigans are embroidered with wool or sequins or pearls. For men, bold new designs are knitted right into the sweater. Slipovers are more ladylike—more like dress tops.

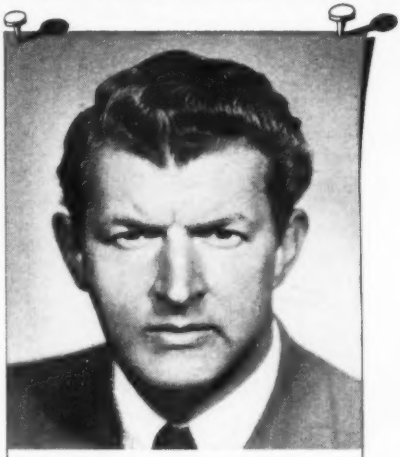
This black cardigan with rhinestone buttons is decorated with flowers formed of wool. It has enough allure to transform a skirt into a cocktail dress, but it can go to luncheon, too.

The cashmere slipover has a high, ribbed neckline and a softly curving yoke to make it interesting to look at and to wear. The sleeves are fashioned like those on a good wool dress.

Indian motifs have found their way into the dye pots and knitting mills, and into this rugged sweater with its stylized thunderbird pattern.

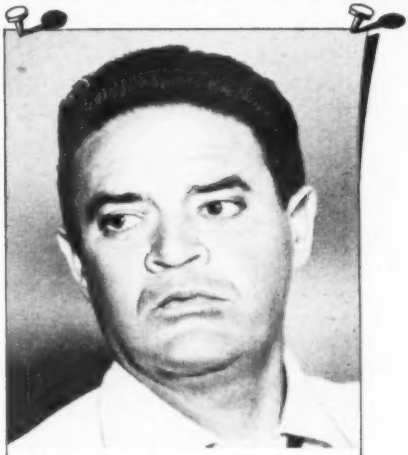
REWARD

for ABC Radio fans...3 full hours of thrills, every Friday night!



Name: Mr. District Attorney, alias Jay Jostyn.

Remarks: Radio's famous *Mr. D. A.* is now on your local ABC radio station at 9:30 every Friday night (Bristol-Myers).



Name: Jerry Devine, writer-producer-director.

Remarks: The dynamo behind *This Is Your FBI* — authentic crime dramas, direct from official FBI files! 8:30 P.M. (Equitable Life).



The Lone Ranger . . . a thrilling western adventure. 7:30 P.M. (General Mills, American Bakeries)



Richard Diamond, Private Detective starring DICK POWELL. 8 P.M. (Camels)



Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet . . . America's favorite comedy family. 9 P.M. (H. J. Heinz)



Champion Roll Call with Harry Wismer. 9:55 P.M. (Champion Spark Plugs)



Cavalcade of Sports . . . a ringside seat at the fights. 10 P. M. (Gillette)

All times listed are Eastern Standard Time. In other time zones, consult your local paper.

ABC RADIO

American Broadcasting Company

There's Nothing Like Boston

by HAL CLANCY

BOSTON, HUB OF THE UNIVERSE, imposes an indefinable stamp upon her people . . . No matter what their religious, economic, or political differences, they are all, in time, Bostonians . . .

This seems as natural and as right as the traditional baked beans and brown bread on Saturday night . . . as the swan boats, laden with children, paddling sedately on the lake in the Public Gardens . . . as bench sitting on Boston Common in the summer sun . . . as the ever-present east wind, knifing in from the ocean.

Like everything else in this city, the unpredictable weather is a source of grim pride to the Bostonian . . . When he says Boston's weather is the trickiest in the world, he is not complaining. He is boasting.

It is an easy place in which to get lost, if you are a stranger . . . The streets, laid out on old paths and cow walks, twist and turn and double back . . . But this, too, is good—for it is the best way to see Boston.

The gracious old mansions on Beacon Street . . . the quaint blue-glass windows—here it is Sunday afternoon all week long. A stone's throw away, gaudy Scollay Square with its honky-tonks and tattoo parlors, beloved liberty land of sailors, known in ports throughout the world.

A little farther up Beacon Hill to Louisburg Square . . . landfall of the Most Proper of Bostonians . . . Almost an autonomous island: the aristocratic families living there own the whole square outright, meet once a year to tax themselves, have virtually no responsibility to city government.

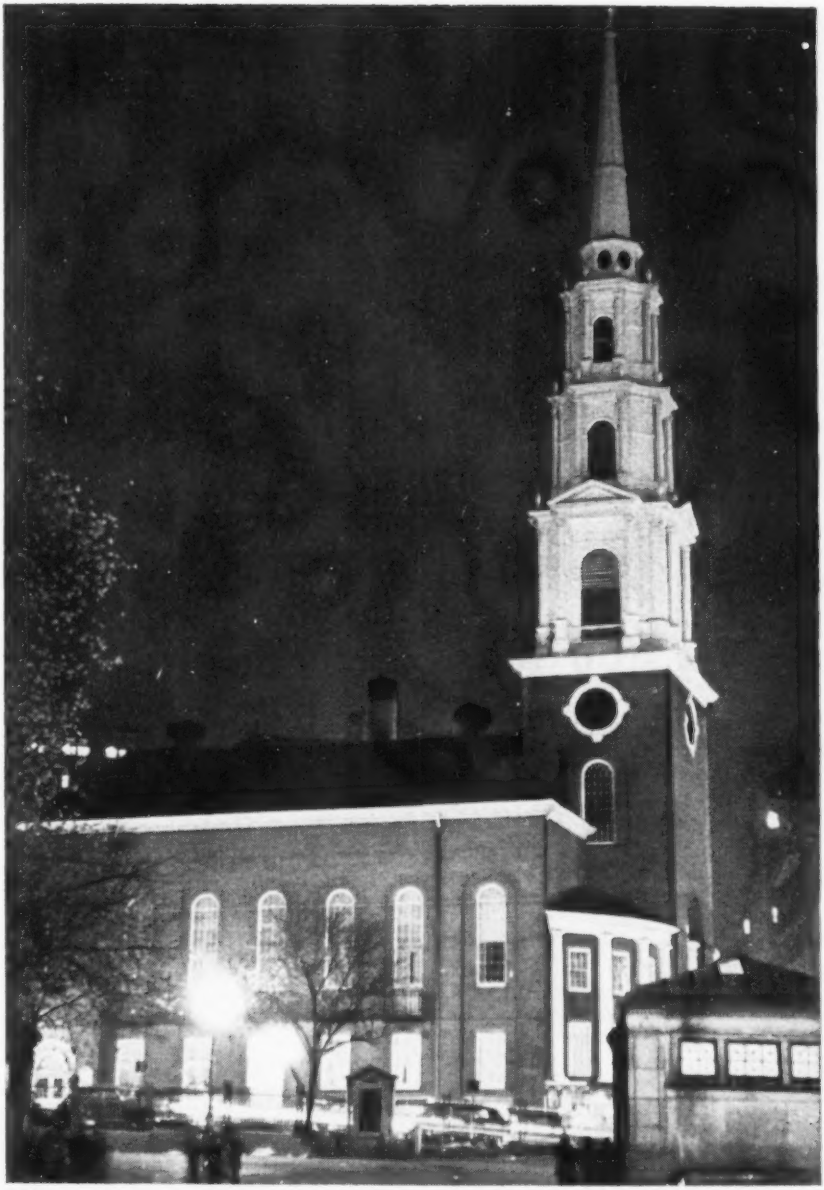
Not far away, the spires of the "Old North Church," where the lanterns were hung for Paul Revere, rise in the turbulent North End of the city. The little stores exude a spicy aroma. It is a poor district, but it abounds with bright colors and good music and superb food . . .

A little farther on . . . sidewalks of glazed brick and red brick and narrow streets of cobblestone—and the Charles River flows silver beneath arched bridges . . . Nearby, the Shell where the Boston Esplanade Orchestra gives its summer concerts for families from all walks of life . . . During the day, myriad bright-colored sailboats dot the Charles . . . Students from Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, across the water, sun-bathe by the river's edge . . . At night, the lights of Cambridge resemble a luminous pearl necklace above the still, dark water . . .

Walk toward the wind and you will reach the harbor, where boats come in with bumper loads of cod and haddock and scallops and shellfish . . . Nearby, the old wharfs—India Wharf, where clipper ships once brought exotic spices from Cathay . . .

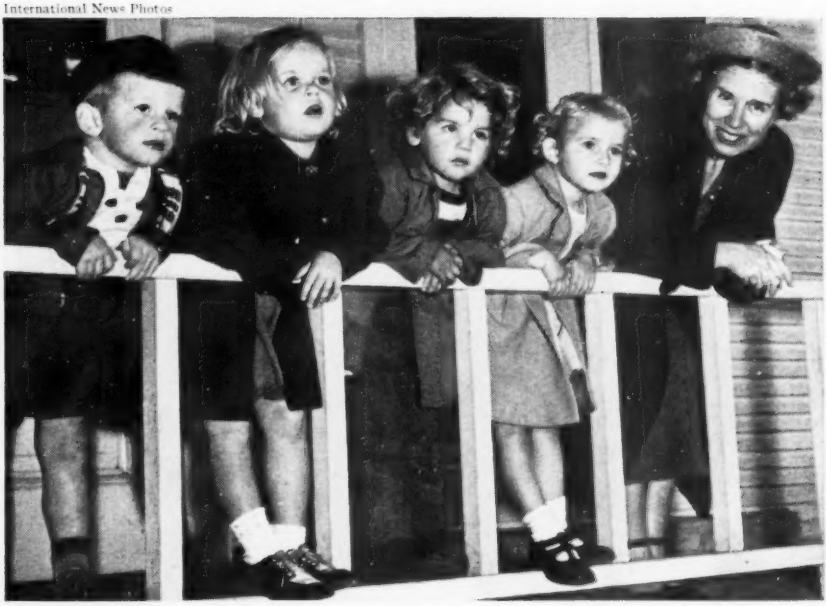
Boston is a city of good living and fine restaurants . . . Locke Ober's Restaurant for lobster-savannah . . . or old Jake Wirth's for rich German dishes or . . . the incomparable bouillabaisse prepared by the staid Hotel Somerset's chef, Louis Turco.

But Boston is, above all, an attitude —an air of contentment and quiet culture . . . Its residents admire Chicago's broad streets, the great skyscrapers of Manhattan, the geometry of Midwest cities, the enchanting old-world flavor of New Orleans—but to consider moving to another place is, for the true Bostonian, unthinkable.



"The most interesting mass of brick and mortar in America," are the words which Henry James used to describe the old church on Boston's Park Street.

International News Photos



They Hear By Eye

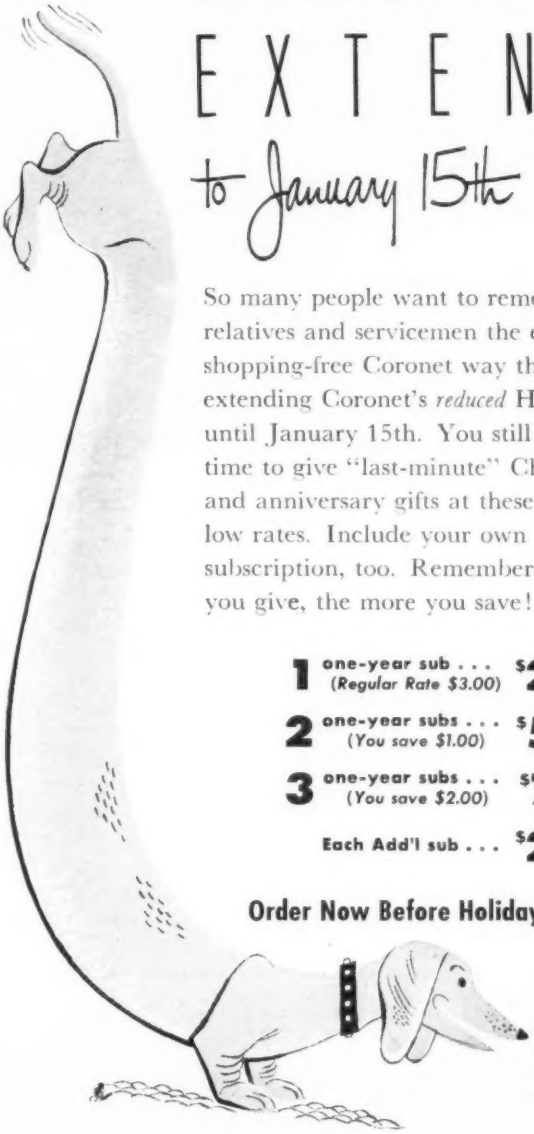
JOHN TRACY is a well-adjusted young man who draws cartoons, plays tennis, and has a host of friends. Yet had it not been for the guidance of experts and the never-ending love of his parents, he might have grown up a pitiful figure, shunning people and hiding from life. Since birth, John Tracy has been completely deaf.

His mother was Louise Treadwell (*above, right*) before she married actor Spencer Tracy 28 years ago. The stunning news that their infant son was deaf evoked only a single thought in the parents: "How can we help him?" This is what they learned:

The true tragedy of the deaf used to be that they became the unspeaking. Since they couldn't hear sound, they couldn't imitate it. Then a system of lip reading and sound sensation for teaching the deaf to speak was evolved. It was shown how a child who couldn't hear needed compensatory affection to prevent that deadly, unwanted feeling that makes the handicapped withdraw from a world of normal people.

With these principles in mind, the Tracys began successfully to lead John toward self-sufficiency. A desire to share their success with less-fortunate parents led to the founding of the clinic named for their son. It offered periodic courses for mothers and daily classes for children who were deaf or hard of hearing. It sent correspondence courses to parents all over the U.S.

Not long ago, the John Tracy Clinic was a single cottage on the campus of the University of Southern California. Today, housed in a new and modern building, it is a vital bulwark in a nation-wide fight to help deaf children find a happy, normal life.



Coronet's Reduced Holiday Rates EXTENDED to January 15th!

So many people want to remember friends, relatives and servicemen the economical, shopping-free Coronet way that we're extending Coronet's *reduced* Holiday Rates until January 15th. You still have time to give "last-minute" Christmas, birthday and anniversary gifts at these all-time low rates. Include your own subscription, too. Remember, the more you give, the more you save!

1 one-year sub . . . (*Regular Rate $3.00*) **$2.50**

2 one-year subs . . . (*You save $1.00*) **$5**

3 one-year subs . . . (*You save $2.00*) **$7**

Each Add'l sub . . . **$2.25**

These rates are good all over the world.

No extra charge for foreign postage.

Order Now Before Holiday Rates Close—Pay Later

To order, just fill in and mail the postage-free Air-mail reply card inside this issue. Pay nothing now. We'll be glad to "charge it."



Everybody can enjoy VIEW-MASTER

PICTURES IN THREE DIMENSIONS



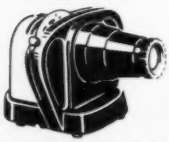
You've a thrill in store if you haven't seen View-Master pictures "come to life" in the amazing realism of full color, three dimensions! Seven Kodachrome stereo scenes mounted in each Reel for use in View-Master Stereoscopes and Projectors. Hundreds of interesting, educational Reels to delight children and adults. See for yourself!



STEREOSCOPE
$2.00



REELS, 35c each
3 for $1.00



JR. PROJECTOR
$9.95
plus Fed. Excise Tax

AT SELECTED PHOTO, GIFT AND DEPARTMENT STORES

SELECT FROM THESE WORLD-WIDE SUBJECTS

UNITED STATES
- ☐ Monument Valley, Ariz.
- ☐ Death Valley, Calif.
- ☐ Garden of Gods, Colo.
- ☐ Rural Connecticut
- ☐ Silver Springs, Fla.
- ☐ Chicago, Illinois
- ☐ Iowa, Hawkeye State
- ☐ Kansas, Wheat State
- ☐ Mardi Gras, La.
- ☐ Maine Seacoast
- ☐ U. S. Naval Academy
- ☐ Boston, Massachusetts
- ☐ Upper Michigan
- ☐ Duluth, Minnesota
- ☐ White Mountains, N. H.
- ☐ Niagara Falls, N. Y.
- ☐ New York City
- ☐ Oklahoma, Sooner State
- ☐ Philadelphia, Penna.
- ☐ Charleston, S. C.
- ☐ Black Hills, S. D.
- ☐ San Antonio, Texas
- ☐ Salt Lake City, Utah
- ☐ Vermont State
- ☐ Williamsburg, Va.
- ☐ Dells of Wisconsin
- ☐ Washington, D. C.
- ☐ Eskimos, Alaska
- ☐ Hula Dancers, Hawaii

CANADA
- ☐ Victoria, B. C.
- ☐ Banff-Lake Louise
- ☐ Montreal, Quebec
- ☐ Quebec City

NATIONAL PARKS
- ☐ Carlsbad Caverns
- ☐ Grand Canyon
- ☐ Grand Teton
- ☐ Mammoth Cave
- ☐ Rainier
- ☐ Yosemite
- ☐ Yellowstone
- ☐ Zion

LATIN AMERICA
- ☐ Mexico City
- ☐ Mexican Bullfight
- ☐ Guatemala City
- ☐ Island of Bermuda
- ☐ Havana, Cuba
- ☐ Rio De Janeiro, Brazil
- ☐ Buenos Aires, Argentina

SOUTH PACIFIC
- ☐ Sydney, Australia
- ☐ Maoris, New Zealand
- ☐ Manila, Philippines

ASIA AND AFRICA
- ☐ Taj Mahal, India
- ☐ Natives of Zululand
- ☐ Victoria Falls, Africa
- ☐ Hong Kong, China

EUROPE
- ☐ London, England
- ☐ Paris, France
- ☐ Tipperary, Ireland
- ☐ Holy Year, Rome
- ☐ Passion Play, Oberammergau

MIDDLE EAST
- ☐ Jerusalem, Palestine
- ☐ Tel Aviv, Israel
- ☐ Damascus, Syria

CHILDREN'S REELS
- ☐ Magic Carpet
- ☐ Aladdin's Lamp
- ☐ Bugs Bunny
- ☐ Tom and Jerry
- ☐ Woody Woodpecker
- ☐ Gene Autry
- ☐ Hopalong Cassidy
- ☐ Cisco Kid
- ☐ Roy Rogers
- ☐ Cowboy Rodeo
- ☐ Fairy Tales
- ☐ Mother Goose Rhymes
- ☐ The Easter Story
- ☐ Adventures of Tarzan
- ☐ Sam Sawyer Adventures
- ☐ Wild Animals
- ☐ Performing Animals

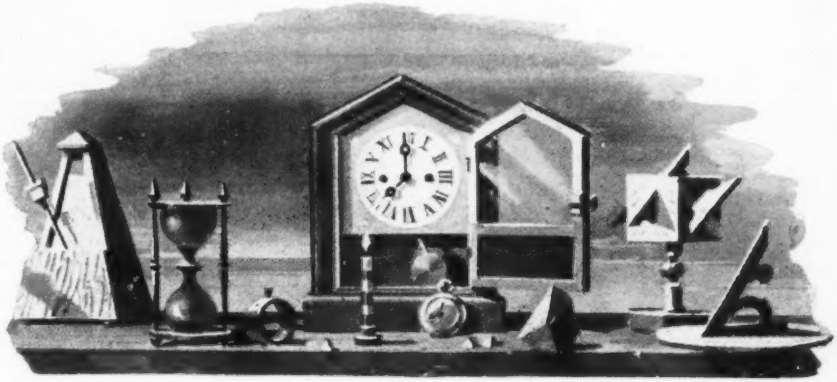
Check Subjects Desired and Take List to Your Dealer

Ask to see VIEW-MASTER **STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES**

® Sawyer's Inc., Portland 7, Oregon

Coronet Vol. 31, No. 3. January, 1952

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading



Life Begins at Any Time

by DR. PETER J. STEINCROHN

FOR YEARS I HAVE been asking patients how they felt about growing old. Invariably they reply: "It's not a pleasant prospect."

In taking a man's history recently, I asked him how old he was. "I'm 39, going on 40," he said. And he looked at me with the peculiar quizzical expression which most people assume when asked about their age.

I smiled. "Getting on a little, aren't you? How do you like it?"

He laughed. "Forty once seemed to be a very old age, and now it seems practically young. These birthdays are coming too fast!"

There, in a sentence or two, is the distillate of man's feeling about growing older. Then he said, "There's so much to be done, a fellow hasn't time to get old."

If you look behind such statements, you will find that the real note of sadness is due to the underlying belief that once you get old, "you are through." My patient had fallen into the common misbelief

From *Forget Your Age*, copyright 1944, 1945, by Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn, published by Doubleday and Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

that once past maturity all activity stops: the brain dries up; the muscles shrivel; ambition, creative desires, and pleasures vanish into the thin air of the once-happy past.

This young man in his thirties, acutely apprehensive about how he will feel in his forties and fifties, has reached the outskirts of 40 and is surprised that he feels so young at an age he once considered dotage.

Yet just try suggesting to him that this is Mother Nature working at her best; that she believes in preparing us by easy and gentle transitions for the eventual change of pace as we grow older; that the same sure, slow, steady change will be taking place in him over the next 20 years; that when he reaches the unbelievable sixties (and if I am still around), he will come into the office and say, forgetting what he had told me 20 years before:

"You know, Doctor, 60 seemed to be a very old age, but now it seems practically young. These birthdays, they're coming too fast!"

Mention 80 to him and he will say as he did at 40, "Who wants to get that old?"

Somehow, whatever a person's age may be, he feels that 10 or 20 years hence life will not be so enjoyable as it is right now. Yet how many of you have at some time said that you enjoy life more at 30 than you did at 20; at 40 more than at 30; at 50 more than at 40, and so on. Whether life becomes dull and uneventful depends on you. The age doesn't matter at all.

I don't mean that all you have to do is wish to feel young at 60 or 90—and presto, there you are a youngster! But I do mean that if you care badly enough to hang on to life and not unfurl the white flag; if you want to fight for your youth; if you would rather die than lose your spirit, then, like many old persons who are healthy, you can stay young in mind.

SOMETIMES I WONDER if our anticipatory attitude toward old age isn't a lot of wasted energy. And yet I know the desire to put off a consideration of our later years is a poor reaction pattern—similar to that which prevents many of us from sitting down to figure out how much insurance the family needs for protection if we should die suddenly. Some people will not buy insurance or even discuss its need because they believe that taking it out will shorten their lives. Ridiculous as this is, insurance men will tell you it is true.

Just so, there are those who will not consider or even discuss the aging process because they think it is borrowing trouble. "How do I know that I will even be here next year?" they ask. "So why worry about the 70s and 80s?"

People who have this widespread human trait of putting off the future because it seems so far away are the ones who suddenly wake to the realization (like our 39-year-old friend). They are 70—it's here—and they haven't prepared for it.

Earnest Elmo Calkins once wrote: "Given three requisites—means of existence, reasonable health, and an absorbing interest—the years beyond 60 can be the happiest and most satisfying of a lifetime."

And Sir William Temple said: "One comfort of age may be that, whereas younger men are usually in pain when they are not in pleas-

ure, old men find a sort of pleasure whenever they are out of pain."

Youth measures the comforts of old age by comparison with his present pleasures and discomforts. He thinks of the aches and pains, the creaking joints, the diminished hearing, and the dimness of vision as barriers which cannot be surmounted. Why look to old age with any degree of anticipation? Why look forward to balancing the books when you know you will see only a large deficit?

You may ask, how about the usual activities? What's the use of just sitting around? How about the good old 18 holes of golf with three pleasant friends? How about the steaming sets of tennis at the club followed by an all-night session of poker? How can old age be bearable without such pleasures?

Suppose you take stock. After all, you have changed even though you are only 30 now. You are really the old man or woman of the child you were 25 years ago. But do you still like to play with dolls or push a gocart or strap on a pair of roller skates? Do you enjoy ringing doorbells on Halloween and playing Indians and cowboys, as you used to?

When you were playing those games, how did you look on the "old people" of 30? Their world was uninteresting to you. You hoped you would die before you reached their age, rather than suffer the dullness that you imagined their lives to be filled with.

You couldn't see yourself, after you reached your teens, just sitting around for an entire evening as your mother and father did. You could imagine the boredom they were supposed to be enduring when they sat with a group of friends—your dad smoking his pipe and your mother knitting. They all laughed and seemed to be having so much fun, and you wondered how they could possibly be happy doing the things they were doing.

You were going out that night to a dance. Music, dancing, the nighttime, fresh air, romance, a midnight snack with all the laughing girls and boys. That was fun, that was living. How did the old folks of 30 and 40 stand it? . . .

It all depends, you see, on your viewpoint—on what side of the fence you happen to be.

Horrid Habit



ONE COLD SNOWY MORNING an old man was seen, dressed in his nightshirt, vigorously chopping kindling.

His neighbor, amazed at the brevity of the old man's clothing in such severe weather, asked, "How come?"

The old man never missed a lick in his chopping as he replied: "For the last 70 years I've dressed by a fire every morning, and I'll be dadgummed if I'm gonna stop now."

—*Capper's Weekly*

PILOT GODFREY SELLS AVIATION TO AMERICA



by JAMES H. WINCHESTER

For 20 years, the famous redhead of radio and TV has been persuading people to fly

TRAVELING RECENTLY between New York City and Washington on an Eastern Air Lines plane, Arthur Godfrey, the genial redhead whose infectious grin and personality have endeared him to 50,000,000 radio and TV fans, was approached by the pilot.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Godfrey," the flier apologized. "We met in 1932 when you gave me my first plane ride. I liked it so much I decided to become a pilot myself. So you're responsible for me flying this plane today."

Godfrey, whose boundless enthusiasm and sales talks on the thrills, joys, and safety of flying are familiar fare to his listeners, couldn't have been more pleased.

"I recall the day if not the face," he told the pilot. "I should. It cost me $1,200!"

In 1932, Godfrey had his own early morning radio program over a Washington station. He also owned a half interest in a Virginia flying school.

"Every morning," he recalls, "I'd get up before dawn, drive to the airport, crank up one of our small planes, and spend an hour or so aloft, just fooling around in the sky. Early morning is the best time for flying. It's so quiet, so peaceful. Everything looks so scrubbed and clean below.

"I'd go straight to the studio after these dawn patrols and tell my listeners about them. One morning,

trying to convince them that flying was the most wonderful thing in the world, I invited everyone who had never flown to come out next morning. I'd give them a free ride, just to show them how much fun it could be."

At 3 A.M., Godfrey was awakened at his home by an irate highway patrolman. "Traffic is backed up for miles around your airport," the officer informed him. "You better get out here and do something about it—fast."

Godfrey had expected perhaps half a dozen listeners to accept his free offer. More than 2,000 showed up. He had to hire extra planes and pilots from airports as far away as Richmond, paying for them out of his own pocket, to handle the crowds. True to his word, everyone who showed up got a free ride.

Such sincere and tenacious promotion of aviation over the air waves makes Godfrey aviation's undisputed No. 1 salesman. A fanatical devotee of flying, he never loses an opportunity to point up the wonders of air travel. Scarcely a week passes that he doesn't have some personality from the air world—pilot, crew chief, stewardess, executive, airport operator, or government official—on one of his many programs to talk about flying. It is a pattern he has followed for 20 years, and the cumulative selling impact has been terrific.

Once, Godfrey discoursed for 20 minutes on the importance of new air-line feeder routes. That hardly comes under the heading of sparkling entertainment, yet his fans loved every word of it.

The Air Force thinks so much of Godfrey's appeal as an aerial salesman that they once flew a sergeant from Alaska to New York to make a scheduled two-minute appearance on the Wednesday-night television show. On the air, the two became so engrossed in talking about Arctic flying that Godfrey forgot his sponsor and ran over his air time. The Air Force, however, got a million dollars' worth of free publicity.

AFTER ANY MAJOR air-line accident, Godfrey spends much of his program time extolling air safety. He can recite favorable statistics by the hour, and often does. A flier himself for 17 years, with 5,500 air hours in his logbook, Arthur has never had a serious aerial mishap. And he never lets his listeners forget his unshakeable belief that air travel is a lot safer than going for a Sunday afternoon drive in the family automobile.

The noticeable limp he displays when striding across TV screens is the result of injuries received in a head-on automobile collision on the Baltimore-Washington turnpike in 1931. He was in a hospital for six months, couldn't bend his knees for more than two years.

A constant commuter, in his own planes and on the air lines, Godfrey never misses an opportunity to take an aerial junket. He was a passenger aboard Eastern Air Lines' Constellation, with famed Capt. Dick Merrill at the controls, when the transcontinental speed record was shattered. In the summer of 1949, he paid substitute entertainers to fill in for him so he could spend a month on an air-line good-will flight to South America.

"Arthur has done more to make the public air-minded than any sin-

gle person since Lindbergh," says Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker. The Air Force Association honored him recently with a plaque for "distinguished public service contributing to a greater understanding of air power . . . and proving the efficiency of air travel." On Godfrey's office desk stands a silver model plane, a gift from the Civil Air Patrol for "outstanding services in popularizing military and civilian aviation."

Godfrey, now 47, made his first flight at Norfolk in 1920. A Navy enlisted man in those days, he used to sneak away from his duties as radio operator and persuade pilots of the Navy's ancient flying boats to take him up for hops over Hampton Roads.

"I was lost after the first flight," he says. "I've never experienced anything like it before or since. Everything just seemed to drop away."

Immediately he asked for a transfer to the Navy's fledgling air arm, but the application was lost in the shuffle when his ship was transferred to European waters. During the four more years Godfrey remained in the Navy, and the short hitch later in the Coast Guard at Baltimore, he never lost his love for flying. On shore he spent every spare cent for glider lessons.

Later, when he began making money as one of the nation's first disk jockeys, he learned to fly for himself. He received his private license in Washington in 1934.

Godfrey, now a full Commander in the Naval Reserve, is one of the best friends the Navy has in its competitive struggle with the Air Force to enlist young men for pilot training. His own son is now a Navy enlisted man, sworn in by Godfrey himself a few months ago.

For the sons of other people, Godfrey has created the Arthur M. Godfrey Foundation which will provide funds to train students in flying and other aspects of aviation at American University in Washington, D.C. The Foundation has 30 scholarships, each giving 35 free flying hours for beginning and advanced students.

The length to which Arthur will go for his aerial salesmanship was graphically demonstrated recently. He took two weeks off from commercial chores, paying other entertainers to substitute, while he returned for two weeks' active duty with the Navy to learn how to fly 500-mile-an-hour jet fighters.

The rigorous strain imposed on a man by these fast, high-flying jets isn't exactly easy, particularly on anyone Godfrey's age. He didn't have to do it, and it isn't likely he will ever be called to action, certainly not as a jet pilot.

"Why, then, subject yourself to such strains?" he was asked.

"By learning to fly these jets myself," he said, "by proving that an ordinary guy like me can do it, I can tell the mothers and wives and sweethearts of the younger men who will fly them regularly that these planes are as safe as any other kind of flying, and that is pretty safe."

THE GODFREY of the skyways is a completely different personality from the Godfrey of the air waves. Gone are the pixiness, the impishness, the look of the little boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. I have flown with him often, and the look of relaxation and enjoyment

that spreads over his famous features when he takes the controls of a plane never fails to fascinate me. Once he gets the plane in the air and on course, he leans back comfortably, loosens his tie, lights a cigarette, and breathes a sigh of pure contentment.

"A man hasn't lived until he's learned to fly," he says. "Everybody should try it. After all, if I could learn, anyone can."

Flying and safety are synonymous to Godfrey. "Show-offs and overconfidence have no place in the air," he says. "The safest pilot in the world is a guy on the day he solos. He's careful then. It's only later, as he gains confidence, that he begins to show off. That's when the accidents begin."

Although both of his personal planes, equipped with the latest in blind-flying and automatic-pilot devices, are capable of weathering any storm aloft, Godfrey never hesitates to sit it out on the ground if the meteorologist's reports are sour. "He who puts his plane away, lives to fly another day," is one of the safety mottoes he is fond of quoting, both on and off the air. "Safety is no accident," is another.

Godfrey has owned 11 planes. Today, the pride of his aerial stable is a luxuriously outfitted, twin-engined DC-3, a type still flown on many U. S. commercial air lines. It is a popular legend that this supercraft was a present from the aviation industry. One biographer raved: "It is a gift unprecedented either in the history of aviation or the entertainment world."

Actually, Godfrey purchased the plane from Eastern Air Lines in a straight business transaction. He then spent $60,000 more of his own money having it converted into the luxury plane it now is. There is little doubt it is the best-equipped private plane in the skies today.

What the aviation people did, partially to show their appreciation for Godfrey's many years of efforts in their behalf, was to install in the plane every known mechanical aid to flying and safety they could put their hands on.

Completely soundproofed, the plane's plush cabin is virtually a flying living room. Overstuffed chairs and a fancy divan are placed comfortably around several tables. A thick rug covers the floor. Fourteen persons can be seated easily in this main cabin.

In the rear is an observation lounge, seating six. The lounge has a semicircular couch and a tea table, whose top is laminated with an air chart of the United States. For business in flight, there is a desk, complete with air-to-ground radiotelephone. For night flight, the divans can be made up into a brace of full-length beds. For entertainment, there is a 16-inch television set, which works perfectly in the air, and a motion-picture projector and screen. For food, there's a modern galley, in which hot meals may be prepared in a jiffy.

In addition to this sky beauty, Godfrey also owns a single-engined, four-place Navion. He keeps both planes at the Teterboro, N. J., airport, just a stone's throw away from Hasbrouck Heights, where he grew up as a boy.

Godfrey has flown both the Atlantic and Pacific, and is looking ahead now to an aerial trip around the world. Although he has a full-

time copilot, Frank La Vigna, and a mechanic, Pete Kinney, Godfrey does ninety per cent of the flying when they are in the air. It's one of his stout rules of safety never to fly a plane in which there are nonflying passengers, unless there is a qualified copilot along. This dates back to a near-disaster in 1946.

"I'd taken my wife and a friend up that afternoon," Godfrey says. "We were above the clouds, just lazying along, when I suddenly felt ill. All I could think of was that I was having a heart attack. 'What will happen to my wife if I die up here?' I kept asking myself. 'She can't fly.' "

Managing a smile so his passengers wouldn't know anything was wrong, Godfrey made a safe landing. Later, he went to his doctor. Fortunately it wasn't a heart attack, only indigestion.

"That taught me a real lesson," says the safety-minded TV and radio star. "I went right out and hired myself a copilot next day. Also, I stopped eating heavy meals just before flying."

Godfrey's favorite wall decoration is a framed bit of doggerel, hanging in front of his office desk where he can always see it:

"There are bold pilots, and there are old pilots,
"But there are no old, bold pilots."

"God willing," says Arthur humbly, "I just want to live to be the oldest pilot alive."



Squelch Proper



WHEN A FELLOW in a car pulled up at a bus stop and asked a girl how far she was going, he got squelched with: "Not *that* far, thank you." —*Quote*

A TWITTERY sob sister interviewing a GI recently returned from the Korean front asked: "Just what did you miss most out there?"

"Fresh cut flowers on the table every morning!" was the squelch proper. —WALTER WINCHELL

A GROUP OF MEN were discussing the food best designed to sustain health. One, a stout, florid individual, remarked with great gusto:

"Look at me! I never had a day's sickness. And it's all due to simple food. From the time I was 20 to when I reached 40 I lived a regular life. None of these effeminate delicacies for me! No late hours. Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at 9 o'clock, got up at 5, and I lived principally on stew and corn bread. I worked hard from 8 to 1 o'clock; then lunch, a plain lunch; then a little rest; and then—"

"Say," interrupted a listener, "what were you in for anyway?"

—*Wall Street Journal*

DURING A WEDDING dinner my small daughter, after listening to the remarks of the many weight-conscious women guests, commented, "I guess all women do is either put on fat, take it off, or rearrange it." —NEW YORK *Daily News*

A Youthful Choir Rebuilds a Town

"Kids can do anything!" If you doubt it, just read this story



by EUGENE DAVIS

IN THE LITTLE TOWN of Hollywood, Maryland, tucked away amidst the rolling hills of St. Mary's County, a junior choir is proving what an asset youth can be to a community if given understanding help, a sensible work program, and even moderate recreational facilities.

Five years ago, Hollywood, 60 miles from Washington, was shabbily poor and spiritually drained. Its youngsters felt cut off and forgotten. Few hoped for a college education. Their day-by-day existence was one of drab monotony.

Today, the whole fabric of the village is woven around some 30 youngsters of whom no one knows quite what to expect next. The boys and girls of the Hollywood Methodist Church are known from coast to coast through their junior choir. Unbelievable in the eyes of the nation's top organ builders, these same untutored youngsters built with their own hands a $20,000 pipe organ for their church.

They have brought visitors from everywhere to their little church beside the road. In many instances, local homes, once unpainted, are now bright and shining. But more amazing is the fact that the junior choir, with no instructions outside its own church, recently finished a 13-week radio program over the Mutual network.

Most of the teen-agers now find themselves with bank accounts held in trust until they reach college age;

they also hope to augment this nest egg by resuming their broadcasting program. Meanwhile, they have been busy getting a new school built for themselves, a project which is now completed.

A large measure of credit for the amazing feats of these spirited youngsters must go to Fulton Lewis, Jr., the hard-hitting radio commentator who is praised and damned by millions of people in about equal numbers. Although on the air he is often referred to as "The Voice with a Snarl," in Hollywood, Maryland, things are different. To boys and girls in that town, he is choirmaster, church organist, guiding light, mentor, and friend—and something resembling the greatest man who ever lived.

Even today, though fully reconciled to the bold and creative pace of the youngsters, Lewis sometimes wonders how he ever came to devote four nights a week to training their voices, week ends to chaperoning them hither and yon. But he admits to having the time of his life. "The boys and girls of Hollywood have given me some of the biggest thrills I have ever known," he says.

HOLLYWOOD WAS a drowsy little hamlet until Lewis and his family came to settle on the Patuxent River at a point where it forms a wide spreading harbor. Commentator Lewis, who is also a columnist and lecturer, was tired of the hustle and bustle of Washington living.

In Hollywood he bought 300 acres of good farm land and built a modern home, complete with broadcasting studio. In this country retreat, called Placid Harbor, the Lewis family (wife Alice, son Fulton Lewis III, and daughter Betsey) settled down to the quiet and peace of small-town living.

The arrival of a celebrity shed an aura of excitement over Hollywood; and soon, Lewis made a gesture toward communal fellowship. In 1947, he offered to broadcast his Christmas Eve program from the small church which the townspeople had just completed. As a last-minute thought, he gathered a group of youngsters, dubbed them a junior choir, and put their untrained voices on his national network. That, thought Lewis, was that. But he reckoned without the fun-starved boys and girls.

Lewis, on the air a terse and frank-speaking commentator, is in person a big, 190-pound, sandy-haired man who can charm a snake out of a tree if so minded. To the youngsters, he was enchanting. He could sing, he could play the church piano, he was friendly. Wasting no time, they gathered some of their parents together and headed for Placid Harbor to ask if he would consider being their choirmaster.

The offer was a temptation to Lewis, who has a good voice, is an excellent musician, a top craftsman in cabinetmaking, and an organ player with a professional background. Now, however, he was both a busy man and a leisure-seeking one, and this might disrupt his routine. Still, as he looked at the youthful faces, he felt a tug at his heart.

"All right," he told them, "but if we go into it, it's got to be good. You've got to work like dogs and be there every night."

Lewis started with 15 of them, ranging in age from 8 to 19. They arrived at the church every night

before him, learned everything he threw at them, and did exactly as they were told.

In the beginning, they did not know who could sing, who was an alto, who a soprano, nor what four-part harmony meant. But swiftly they learned their notes, memorized whole arrangements, and spent every available moment rehearsing their parts.

One day Lewis woke up to the fact that, in six months, he had built a choir—and a fine one.

Lewis took a second plunge into community fellowship when he decided his fledglings were worthy of greener pastures. He wangled an invitation for them to sing at a large church in Washington. This they did with great success, and marked the "point of no return" for Lewis. That night, worn to a frazzle from having acted as choirmaster, guide, and chaperone for some 15 curiosity-filled kids, he told his wife that he was not to be disturbed—he had a broadcast to prepare.

A few minutes later he heard the doorbell and the chatter of youthful voices outside. One boy was saying: "But this is *awfully* important, Mrs. Lewis."

With exasperated affection, Lewis put down his work and went out. "Okay, kids—now what is it that's so important?"

Bobby Adams, 15-year-old son of a bricklayer, stepped forward and said, "Well, Mr. Lewis, it's that pipe organ we heard in that Washington church today. We've all decided to chip in and raise some money and buy one."

"Do you know how much a pipe organ costs?"

"Well," said Bobby, "we knew it would be expensive—maybe $500—but we are going to earn money after school, and we wanted you to be the first to know."

"Well," Lewis said flatly, "a small one costs about $25,000!"

The youngsters were stunned. Kiddingly, Lewis called back on his way to his work: "If you want an organ, I guess you'll have to build one yourself."

They stopped him in his tracks. "Okay, wonderful!" shouted Sumpy Readmond. "We'll build it ourselves—but will you help like with the choir?"

Again Lewis fled down the hallway. *Build a pipe organ?* Why, that would take years! . . .

NEXT NIGHT LEWIS attended choir practice, on truculent guard. He started off jokingly. "You kids sure dreamed up a honey. Imagine trying to build a pipe organ!"

Suddenly he was looking at blank faces. All the enthusiasm with which they had greeted him was now just injured looks. They sang, but their hearts weren't in it. When it was all over, they marched out quietly. The spark was gone.

Convinced now that he must set out on this impossible business, Lewis called them back. "I don't believe you know what you're getting into," he told them solemnly. "This is going to be the most gosh-awful labor you ever heard of—and for months, too, maybe years. But if you want to start it and finish it, we'll tackle it."

Shoppers in the village around Dean's store will long remember the morning of May 17, 1948. A truck hove into view, piled high with an amazing assortment of organ pipes,

tools, pails, brushes, and assorted "junk." On top of this were kids covering every inch of space. Townspeople stared as children began to unload 700 old pipes and stack them on the church lawn.

The hecklers began to gather, but the youngsters went solemnly about their business. Lewis, always tinkering in his own basement, had donated some pipes which he had picked up in his travels around the country. While the sun beat down, and the hecklers grew in abundance, the children went about the tedious job of scrubbing, polishing, and waxing the 700 pipes. The joshers began to slink away.

Late that evening, tired, hands sore, the boys and girls reloaded the pipes to take them back to the Lewis basement, where the organ would have to be built. Mrs. Lewis took one look at the truck and knew that her days of orderly housekeeping were over.

Placid Harbor became a huge tool and building shop. Wires, boxes, and pipes were everywhere. Meanwhile, Lewis merely repeated over and over: "How did I ever get into this?"

From that day forward, morning, afternoon, and evening, the home swarmed with kids. With the crusading fervor of a revival meeting, they cut hundreds of leather diaphragms for the pneumatics. The 15,000 electrical connections seemed staggering, but the kids plunged into the seemingly impossible task with clocklike precision.

The inevitable happened. There came a time when certain expensive organ parts must be bought. Lewis, who prefers almost anything to a lecture tour, made the ultimate sacrifice in order to raise cash. Meanwhile the youngsters, all of whom are serious churchgoers, concentrated on praying for someone who knew enough about organs to purchase the parts. "Someone will come," they said, and eagerly waited for the doorbell to ring.

Then one day it happened. Lewis opened the door and said in quiet astonishment, "You have just answered the prayers of a houseful of kids." It was lawyer Joe Whiteford, an ardent amateur organist who had come down from Washington to discuss business with Lewis.

Whiteford surveyed the scene in tolerant amazement. Three days later he crawled out of overalls, put down his tools, and happily surveyed the 1,000 pipes that he and a bunch of youngsters had just turned into a musical instrument.

Instead of the years Lewis had anticipated, the organ was practically finished in six months. Now the boys and girls planned to have another Christmas Eve broadcast, this time to the accompaniment of their organ. But then new troubles arose.

The gigantic instrument must be moved from the Lewis basement to the church. They went to measure the available space—and turned pale. The church would have to be remodeled to accommodate the organ. Down went walls; choir pews were replaced. The space was found, so up went the walls again. Then it turned out that the organ chest was the wrong size. It would all have to be rebuilt.

That night the kids hit bottom. The hoped-for Christmas Eve broadcast seemed lost. Gloomily they gathered in the living room. It was then Lewis moved to his own

organ and began to play softly. As the strains of *The Lord's Prayer* came over the living room, the choir one by one went back to the basement, and soon the noise of hammers could be heard.

"What can you do with kids like that?" Lewis asked himself, and went down to join them.

Hours before the program was to start on December 24, 1948, the little church beside the road began to fill. There were laborers, farmers, the old country doctor, the blacksmith. There was even a skeptical representative of an organ company who had heard of the goings on in little Hollywood.

Fearfully, whispering low, the words on everybody's lips were, *Will it play?* The hour came and a tense audience held its breath when, at 7 P.M., the radio technician lifted his finger to Lewis, seated at the organ. Then softly, sweetly, the strains of *Adeste Fidelis* floated out over the hushed church.

Down the aisles came the children, dressed in maroon and white gowns, their voices blending with their beloved organ. The radio audience that night wept a little as Fulton Lewis told of the children's struggles and of their faith.

Today, there is a new atmosphere in little Hollywood. Parents and children have furnished a recreation room in the church for youthful social gatherings. There is a new sense of pride in the town and its upkeep. The children are very happy with their new school, for which Mervell Dean, owner of a lumber company, donated the ground. They are also hopeful that some manufacturing company will accept Dean's offer of 100 acres free to any firm that will bring new industry and jobs into the little town.

Hollywood, once an unknown and remote spot, is now shining and bright, filled with new hope. Adults proudly admit: "Our children put our town on the map." And the amazed voice of Fulton Lewis, Jr., adds: "Kids can do anything!"

Getting  the Word!

THERE WAS THE RUMBLE of an angry voice as I waited outside the colonel's office. Someone was sure "getting the word." Then the door opened and the master sergeant marched out, his head bowed.

"What'd he do, Colonel?" I asked. "Sounded as though you really gave it to him."

"Oh, he was doing the talking, I was listening," the colonel grinned. "You see, we've been together for nearly 30 years and we have an agreement. When it's time for him to re-enlist, he has the privilege of coming in and telling me just exactly what is wrong with the Marine Corps. Then he signs up again!"

—JACK LEWIS



I Cut My Weight by 150 Pounds!

by MAC R. TARNOFF *as told to* WAMBLY BALD

This is the candid story of a fat man who whittled himself down to life size

A YEAR AGO I was a fat man. Not just a "fat man," but an oversized blimp who shot the scales to a quivering 337 pounds. Grotesque? Indeed I was. Yet for years I had placidly watched my weight climb from normal levels to fantastic proportions. Why?

The reason was very simple: I ate too much. Morning, noon, and night I stuffed my expanding stomach with everything it could take—huge helpings of hot, juicy food, plus a steady flow of snacks and tidbits—until I transformed a normal-sized human into a Frankenstein monster that just lived to eat.

Now, unhappily, there are lots of other fat people in the world. And most of them are fat because they overeat, because they are too weak-willed to say "no" when the platter passes. I have a "message" for these people, a personal story which I think may help them.

Today I weigh 187. In less than a year I succeeded in peeling off 150 ugly, unwanted pounds. My method is no secret; almost anyone can accomplish the same thing, though I fervently hope that few are burdened with such an initial handicap of flesh.

It all began one drizzly day last year when my overworked car broke down. I was towed to a roadside garage, and there a mechanic made a remark that altered my en-

tire way of living. All he said was: "Motors are like people. They can do so much and no more. When you try to get too much out of them, they conk out."

As I drove home I started thinking. And by the time I got home I was scared.

I hadn't felt well lately, but had kept putting off going to a doctor. All the vague fears I had been trying to close out of my mind for years shot to the surface, and I began seeing myself in an early grave, mourned by wife and daughter.

There was the miserable realization that despite my abnormal proportions I was only half a man. At 41, I was so short of breath that going upstairs was a major production. I couldn't cross my legs; whenever I dropped a pencil, I never bothered to pick it up; I needed help to get my shoelaces tied.

My neighbors in Plainfield called me the "Juggernaut of Jersey." They joked about how my wife and I made a fine trio. And since all fat men are supposed to be jolly, I tried to live up to the role.

Just whom was I kidding, anyway? I compared myself to the car that was on its last legs. At least I had taken it to a garage for repairs. Then why hadn't I shown my own motor the same consideration?

That night, with the words "conk out" still going through my brain, I regarded myself in the mirror. Mr. Blimp himself. Enormous, wheezy, putty-fleshed, and certainly unattractive. I wondered: "How fat can a guy get?"

Dieting? Ordinary haphazard dieting, where you cut down on a few things and lose maybe 20 pounds, and then weaken and put them right back on again? I had tried that too often.

This time I really wanted to lose weight. And only one thing on earth could do it—*the will power to stick to a planned program of dieting.*

NEXT DAY I put myself in the hands of a doctor. His face was grave when he told me: "There is nothing radically wrong with you; your condition is not glandular. You're just a pathological eater, and if you let this condition continue, it might easily take many years from your life expectancy."

With my craving for food, a diet meant a hard road ahead. But I had made up my mind that nothing was going to stop me.

Like an alcoholic swearing off, I indulged in one last binge that night —three shrimp cocktails, a whole roast chicken, spaghetti, two salads, three kinds of cheeses, and half a pie. Next morning, by habit, I thought of my cereals, six eggs and bacon, buttered rolls. But now I shut my eyes to those tempting visions. The dieting began.

I embarked upon low-calorie, high-protein, and high-vitamin eating. My diet chart was little different from many others—nothing fried, greens and fruit, lean meats or fish (and not too much), no butter, potatoes, salt or sugar, practically no bread.

"Doc," I said when I first scanned the chart, "this is for sparrows."

"You'll get used to it," he told me, "but you'll have to expect some discomfort in the beginning."

Every time I recall my "discomfort" the first few weeks, I feel he should have received a prize for understatement. From that first day

onward, this, with little variation, constituted my meals:

Breakfast: half a grapefruit, one poached egg on dry whole-wheat toast, black sugarless coffee. Lunch: clear soup, a moderate portion of fish, two green vegetables, more coffee. Dinner: clear soup, lean meat and two vegetables, a large apple.

All that adds up (or subtracts down) to quite a bit of "discomfort." Remember: I wasn't an ordinary overweight person, I was a dreadnought of the dinner table. And for anyone like me, such a strict diet was virtual starvation.

Luckily my wife Ruth stuck by me. Without her help, I wouldn't have made it. This uncomplaining woman is very tiny—four-feet-seven and weighing 112 pounds. For the first month of my diet, she had to assume the roles of nursemaid and psychiatrist, as well as wife.

I was extremely jittery at first. Without a stomach stuffed with food, I suffered from insomnia, backaches, and headaches. I would get up in the middle of the night and just sit in the living room, trying to read. And my uncomplaining wife would sit with me. How I used to dream of fried chicken and creamy mashed potatoes!

Still, there is a fierce joy in discovered strength, knowing you can resist something you want desperately. Like biting down on an aching tooth, I deliberately increased the efforts to harden my will.

On our block there is a hamburger stand, where I had been a welcome customer, ordering half a dozen hamburgers at a sitting. Every day I went there, asked for two oozing sandwiches doused with onions, smelled them, paid for them —then told the waitress to take them away. She thought I was crazy, but I knew what I was doing. Every such victory pulled me further from temptation. I even kept untouched chocolate bars in my pockets.

I used other psychological tricks to bully myself toward my objective. There was my diet diary, in which I noted such entries: "Today I suffered like hell . . . If I give up now, I'll never be able to face my wife again; she's been suffering as much as I have . . . I'm beginning to like artichokes and celery and lean meats . . . I'm sure I'll look ten years younger when I get through with this . . . Don't give up the ship!"

ANOTHER PSYCHOLOGICAL stunt was to let friends and neighbors in on my campaign. The reason for this was obvious; I wouldn't want to admit publicly that I had failed. Even at my place of work, the Worthington Pump and Machinery Corporation in Harrison, N. J., I became a special character—the superfat man battling to reduce. Other employees fell into line—they hung up a kind of barometer sign that recorded my weight week by week.

Pretty soon, it all began to work. After the first few weeks I wasn't so desperately hungry. And I was getting a new sense of well-being. I was winning the battle!

At the end of one month I was down to 290 pounds; after two months, 268; three months, 247; four months, 230; five months, 204. When I reached 200 pounds, the office force gave a big party for me.

"I can't tell you how thrilled I feel," I said in my speech of thanks. "I am now a shapely shadow of my former self. I can proceed through

doors with the greatest of ease, and I can tie my own shoelaces. My stomach and the steering wheel of my car, which for years were the closest of friends, are now amicably separated."

At 187 pounds, the doctor told me to abandon the diet. I felt like a boy again. A new world was opening up—long walks with my wife, golf lessons, the thrill of buying new clothes. For the first time in years, I had begun to take interest in my personal appearance, and I noticed that people seemed to regard me with more respect.

When I look into the mirror now, my belt line is down from 58 to 38, my collar from 18 to 15½. Even the size of my shoes is smaller, from size 10½ to 9½. And for the first time in years, an insurance company has accepted me as a good risk.

Now that I am back to normal size, I no longer have to skimp on food; I just eat sensibly, like most people. I'll even take fried potatoes or a slice of pie once in a while, but the word now is moderation. I *control* what I eat, and the only things I am careful to avoid are salt, starches, and all fats. Meanwhile my weight stays between 185 and 190.

In the final analysis, it seems to me that overeating is just a deplorable habit. Some people eat too much because they are lonely or frustrated. They drug themselves with food. But most fat people overeat simply because they haven't the will power to stop. Certainly that was the trouble in my case.

Today, I'm fit as can be and Ruth proudly refers to me as her "new" husband. I am eternally grateful to that mechanic whose remark planted some straight thinking and sensible eating in me. I am past the point now where I have to worry about "conking out."

Love! Love! Love!



SHE CAME IN with her hat over one eye, her hair ruffled, and lipstick smudged all over her face.

"What happened?" her roommate asked.

"Well, I was out with a Frenchman," she replied. "I didn't want him to know that I couldn't understand a word he said so I just kept nodding my head!" —*Tit-Bits*

KISSING HIS NEW and very attractive girl friend good night, the high-school senior murmured, "Tomorrow night's the big dance. Soft music and you in my arms—close, like this. And deep in my heart, the feeling that nothing—nothing—will ever come between us!"

"Nothing," the girl friend repeated hopefully, "except perhaps a nice gardenia corsage." —*Wall Street Journal*

Our Human



BACK IN THE DAYS when the famous Oscar reigned over the Palm Room of the old Waldorf Hotel in New York, a big bluff Kansan with a craving for sea food entered the dining room. On looking over the menu, he noticed that clams and oysters were listed by the dozen. He decided, however, that for the first time in his life he would try lobster. But how many should he order?

"Bring me a half-dozen lobsters," he said finally.

In a little while six waiters, each carrying a large platter, marched across the dining room. When the Kansan lifted the cover on the first platter, he realized that he had placed a wholesale order for a strictly retail commodity. But he rose grandly to the occasion.

While goggling fellow-diners looked on, the Kansan picked up a fork and jabbed the first lobster, then told the waiter loudly, "Take it away!"

The second, third, fourth, and fifth were treated in the same lordly fashion. But when he tested the sixth, his manner changed.

"Ah, that's what I want!" he cried joyously. "Put it down. You have to order half a dozen of these things to get one that's fit to eat!"

—ANDREW MEREDITH

A GROUP OF OLD MEN were reminiscing about their courtship days. One mentioned his intense dislike of the former custom of wives appearing at the breakfast table in a boudoir cap. "Before we were married I made an agreement with my fiancée," he recalled. "I told her if she would doll herself up and never wear a boudoir cap, I would get the breakfast."

"How long did it last?" inquired a listener.

"Well," he said, and a faraway look came into his eyes, "I'm 72 now —and I'm still getting breakfast."

—W. V. THOMAS

BETTY, OUR TEEN-AGE daughter, was unaware I was within hearing the other evening when she answered the phone. It was her older sister Mary's new boy friend. But before calling Mary, Betty surprised me with as neat a bit of salesmanship as I ever heard.

"Mary isn't here right now," she cooed, "but this is her 105-pound, five-foot-two, honey-blonde and blue-eyed sister."

—B. P. SPONG

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT once received a caller who was scheduled to confer with him about the size of the U.S. Navy. After they had exchanged the customary greetings, the caller said, "Mr. Roosevelt, I've come here today to talk with you

Comedy



about the Navy." Whereupon Mr. Roosevelt made some comment, and then continued to speak for almost 30 minutes, with only an occasional remark by the caller.

After the caller had left, Mr. Roosevelt turned to his secretary and remarked: "You know, that man is one of the best conversationalists I've ever met!"

—Harold Zelko (*How to Become a Successful Speaker*)

All his life, author Albert Payson Terhune confessed, he was troubled by a most peculiar conscience. It never kept him from doing something he felt was wrong; it merely kept him from enjoying it.

Once, when the novelist was a small child, his mother accused him of eating a whole bowlful of sugar.

"Now, be truthful," she urged. "Did you do it?"

"Yes," young Albert wailed, "but I cried all the time I was eating it!"

—Sidney Tennant

In the lean years of filmdom, producer Samuel Goldwyn frequently found it necessary to borrow from Peter to pay Paul. One day he was escorting two prospective creditors around the lot, explaining the financial soundness of the motion-picture business to them, when a very angry workman suddenly blocked their path.

"What can I do for you, my good man?" Goldwyn asked.

"You hired me and my crew to build those little houses over there," the man shouted, waving his arms in rage. "You promised to pay us two weeks ago and we haven't seen the color of your money yet. We want our pay!"

Goldwyn thought fast, then, patting the agitated workman on the shoulder, he told him soothingly, "You've got the actions memorized perfectly. Just get a little more fire in your eyes when we shoot the scene." And before the surprised workman recovered, Goldwyn had shepherded his prospective backers to safer ground. —Kenneth L. Wesley

A certain little boy, sent alone by train from New York to his grandmother in Boston, arrived at his destination in a sadly puzzled and disillusioned state.

It seems that, according to his tearful explanation, a very nice and very pretty young woman shared her seat with him. While they were engaged in a cozy little conversation, some sailors boarded the train. Later, when the lovely lady got off, a sailor came over to him, leaned down menacingly, and hissed, "Listen, you little jerk, why didn't you tell us that that babe wasn't your mother?" —Jerome Saxon

Good Shepherd of the Bronx



Across the ocean, Frank Marinosci is revered for his philanthropies

by GLENN D. KITTLER

FRANK'S BARBERSHOP in the Bronx, New York, is a small, dingy room. Elevated trains roar by overhead, darkening the shop, drowning conversation, shaking the bottles of hair oils and tonics. Most often, the three barber chairs are empty: customers are few in this tenement section.

But across the sea, thousands of Italians, impoverished in a war-crushed nation, believe Frank's Barbershop is a castle. To them, it is filled with clothes and food which eventually find their way across the ocean to hard-pressed villages, hospitals, and orphanages.

Since Francesco Marinosci left Italy at the age of 17, he has, for 40 years, won the friendship of men who are his neighbors. As he was growing up, everybody liked him. Men idled in his shop for hours, settling the problems of the world. And they knew that he was always willing to forget the price of a haircut when they didn't have it.

Like many immigrants, Marinosci left part of his heart in his homeland. He was from Francavilla Fontana in the province of Brindisi —the neighboring province of Rudolph Valentino. Of this, Marinosci was proud.

"When Valentino died," he often told his customers, "three times I went to his coffin in the funeral parlor on Sixty-sixth Street. I did not know him but I knew his family in Francavilla. That's why I keep his picture in my shop."

Though the people back home found just pride in their son who became a movie star, they forgot about the man who went to America and became a barber. At least, so it seemed.

But then, not long after World War II, someone remembered. A letter came to the Bronx from a stranger, and what he read brought tears to Marinosci's eyes.

"Please help us," the stranger begged. "We are poor. We have ten children, but we have no food, no clothes. We must wrap paper bags on their legs to warm them."

Marinosci shuddered. This sort of thing was happening in his home town? He took the letter home and discussed it with his wife.

"We must do something," he said.

"Yes," she readily agreed. "But with what?"

Marinosci netted $15 a week in his barbershop; his wife earned $70 in a belt factory. From that, surely, they could manage to spare something. But there were the three children, rent, food, and other things.

The Marinoscis, however, had never before refused to help. During the depression, Francesco gave free haircuts to the unemployed. "A man must look neat when he goes for a job," was his reason.

Then there was the Thanksgiving Day party he had given for the poor families of the neighborhood. It cost him $300 and wiped out his savings, but—well, children must have something to be thankful for, mustn't they?

And now this letter from Italy. "We must do what we can," the Marinoscis decided. In a few days, they mailed all they could spare: $20 and four parcels of old clothes.

Weeks later came a reply, rich in profuse gratitude. "We all pray that God will bless the kind Americans who have been so generous," wrote the Italian. That was enough for the Marinoscis: prayers are a good reward.

Then it started. Another letter came, and then another, and soon a dozen appeals reached the Marinoscis each day. It seemed that everybody in Italy expected miracles when they wrote Frank's Barbershop at 629 Westchester Avenue.

"What shall we do now?" the Marinoscis asked each other.

"You'd better forget the whole thing," their friends advised.

But they could not bring themselves to do this. How can you refuse the nun who wrote about the 20 starving orphans in her care? How can you refuse the mother who asked only for medicine for her dying son? How can you refuse the wife who sent a picture of her three undernourished and poorly clothed children?

So the Marinoscis prepared a $25 weekly budget for themselves, and dedicated the rest of their income to their task. They emptied their closets, they bought clothes from the Salvation Army and Hadassah, and appealed to friends.

Every night, they worked in the barbershop, packing boxes, addressing them. Every morning they carried the parcels to the post office. Businesslike, they kept a ledger of their work so that accounts would be straight and the distribution fair.

In the six years since the first letter, the Marinoscis have sent 1,500 packages abroad which have benefited some 15,000 Italians. And they have donated about $5,000 to

schools, churches, and orphanages.

During these years, few people in the Bronx knew what the Marinoscis were doing. They worked quietly, almost secretly. Of course, the Irish mailman knew, for he delivered letters and helped carry boxes back to the post office. And the Jewish tailor around the corner knew, because he had repaired and cleaned old clothes without charge. And the Negro cobbler knew, for he had cheerfully fixed old shoes as his contribution.

But all of Italy knew. In Francavilla, Francesco Marinosci is a famous man. At the mention of his name, people weep with gratitude. In Salerno, Trieste, Naples, and Milan, prints of his photograph hang in scores of homes. In a church, his name is carved on a statue he purchased for the parish. Church and public leaders have sent him letters of praise, and cities have promised receptions if ever he visits his homeland.

A few months ago, an enterprising reporter heard of Marinosci and published a picture of him and a shipment of parcels. Publicity snowballed, and in a few days the story of Francesco Marinosci was printed in newspapers around the world.

Once more, mail flooded the Bronx barbershop. Some people merely wrote letters of praise, others sent small contributions, a few asked for addresses where they might send packages. But many asked for some of the help Marinosci had given to the Italians.

Appeals came from France, South America, India, Egypt—even from South Dakota. Once again, Marinosci asked himself the old question: "What can I do?" He did what, to him, was all he could do: instead of pouring his help heavily into Italy alone, he thinned his distributions and gave a little to all who asked.

"What difference does it make?" he asked his wife. "Italians, Frenchmen, Indians—even Chinese? People are the same everywhere. If we can do something to help the poor, we must, no matter what they are."

As MARINOSCI's popularity abroad grew, so did the popularity of America, for he became a symbol of it to Europeans. In a futile attempt to crush him, an Italian communist newspaper declared Francesco was a "front" for American bankers spreading capitalist propaganda behind a cloak of charity.

"Bankers!" Marinosci said with chagrin. "I could use a few bankers. My heart is full of gratitude for the wonderful people who sent me clothes and money to give to the poor. But they weren't bankers. Just humble, ordinary people like myself, who know how it is to be hungry and cold."

After the news broke of Frank's activities, people in the Bronx went to his shop. "Is this you?" they asked him, pointing to their newspapers. When Marinosci said it was, they handed him clothes and canned food. Thus, Marinosci's one-man crusade developed into a community project.

Among the deluge of fan letters, Marinosci received an offer from a Hollywood producer to appear in a film as a barber. Also, a Washington, D.C., man invited him to work there for $75 a week.

"How can I leave the Bronx?" Marinosci recently said to his friends

in his shop. "My work is here. It seems now all the poor in the world have my address, and I must stay where they can find me when they need me."

One of the men said, "I have relatives in Italy. My brother is a doctor in Palermo."

Marinosci stepped to the ordinary table he uses for a desk and picked up a letter. "Here," he said to the man. "This woman lives in Palermo. She has tuberculosis and she cannot work to support herself and her baby. I have sent her food and clothes. Tell your brother to visit her. Maybe he can cure her. And if he cannot afford to treat her without charge, tell him to send me the bill . . ."

Frank Marinosci beamed happily at his friends. "People are good," he said. "It's wonderful, the way they are willing to help each other."

The men in the shop nodded their agreement, for in front of them stood Francesco Marinosci, whose life was evidence of that conviction.

Help!



"MY NEW MAID is a treasure," said a society woman to her friend. "I had a bridge party the other evening and one woman failed to show up. You know—gave me no notice at all."

"That must have been very annoying," said her friend.

"It was," laughed the other. "But I put one of my gowns on the new maid and she fitted in beautifully. And do you know that I won her last week's wages back!"

—Wall Street Journal

NOW THAT DOMESTIC help is getting almost as scarce as it was during the war, the mother of three pre-schoolers was delighted to find a maid who seemed to be able to fill the bill. She was to have Thursdays and every other Sunday off and promised to report for duty the following Monday morning. Instead, she telephoned that she had to appear in court but would arrive early Tuesday. Tuesday she phoned again that she was too tired and nervous after her session with legal machinery. Wednesday morning she reported, via telephone of course, that much as she wanted to come to work, she was still too ill.

"All right, Tilda," sighed the harassed mother, "but you'll be here for sure tomorrow?"

"Why of course not, ma'am!" snorted Tilda. "Tomorrow is my day off!"

—MARY ALKUS

A HOLLYWOOD HOUSEWIFE advertised recently for a cook and received dozens of applications for the job. She decided in favor of a woman who wrote from Pasadena, and advised her to report for work. A few days later she received a letter: "Dear Madam," it said. "Sorry to have to turn down your offer but handwriting analysis is my hobby and after examining yours I have to say you'll never amount to much and you and me would never hit it off. Yours truly . . ."

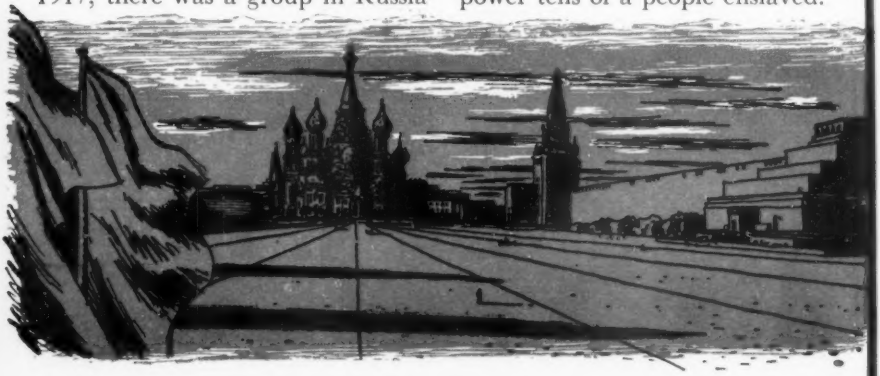
—Tales of Hoffman

Picture Story

Russia BETRAYED!

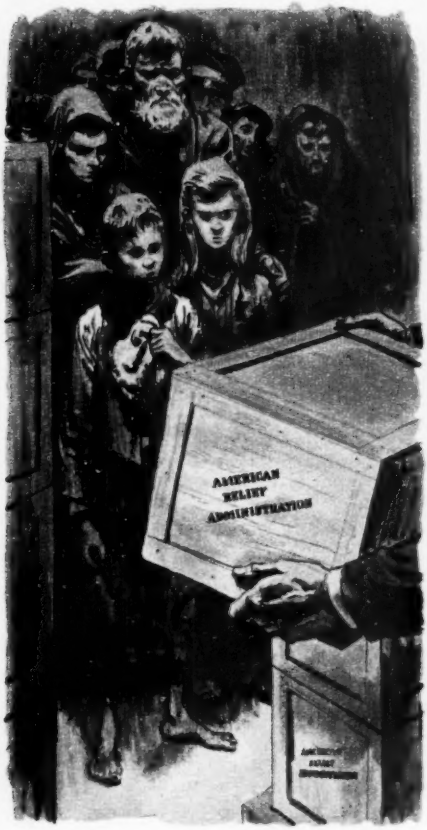
Illustrated by BRUCE BOMBERGER

WHEN CZAR NICHOLAS II abdicated and Kerensky organized a democratic government, it appeared that centuries of Russian poverty and oppression were ended. But in those dark, wartime days of 1917, there was a group in Russia not interested in moderation or democracy. Led by Nicolai Lenin, they sought unlimited power, nor did they blanch at the bloodshed necessary to attain it. The story of their success is a story of betrayal; their power tells of a people enslaved.





ON THE EVENING of April 16, 1917, a sealed railroad carriage rolled to a halt in the railroad station of Petrograd. A small group of Bolsheviks eagerly waited for the doors to open: Nicolai Lenin had returned from long exile—with the connivance of the German high command. Eager to end the fighting on the Eastern Front, the *Reich* had guaranteed Lenin safe conduct across Germany to Russia, confident that with him to foment discontent, Russia would soon capitulate. They succeeded beyond fondest expectation. Demonstrations were followed by violence. In Moscow and Petrograd, blood ran freely. By November, the Bolsheviks had grasped full power and sued for an armistice. The Russian people, though weary of the long fight, flinched at the price of Lenin's peace. At Brest Litovsk, the vindictive Germans exacted one of history's most terrible tributes in land and money. But even worse, Lenin's betrayal released 1,000,000 German soldiers, who turned their fury on Russia's French, English, and American allies.





LENIN'S PEACE did not long endure. Maneuvering for power brought new violence. Counterrevolutionaries fought bitterly to regain control. Rare was the city or town not torn by machine-gun fire across street barricades. Then, with the utter breakdown of production, a new disaster—famine—struck the beleaguered Russian people. Millions perished. And while their leaders ranted about Allied imperialists, gaunt and hollow-eyed peasants stood patiently in line to receive food parcels sent by a compassionate America.

WITHIN WEEKS, Russia had been rent by Bolshevik attempts to remake a nation's way of life overnight. Civil registration formalized any marriage; similarly, a simple notification by either husband or wife constituted a divorce. Abortion was legalized. Small businessmen were arrested, private trade abolished. Farmers balked at raising crops for the state, and townspeople went hungry. When factory output fell, the government conscripted labor at gun point. Force, said the Reds, could achieve anything.



TO FEED the starving cities, Red soldiers foraged the countryside and seized painfully accumulated stores of grain. In bitter retaliation, the peasants raised only what they could eat. "We can do without kerosene," they muttered. "Let us see if the townspeople can do without bread." Unrest gave way to panic. The dreaded Cheka—secret police—spread its grim shadow over every aspect of national life. Rebellious workers were summarily shot. Labor camps swelled. Then, in the naval port of Kronstadt, a band of sailors revolted and captured the fortress. Ruthlessly, the Soviets crushed the uprising. But now even Lenin knew the truth. He had defended his power against counter-revolution and outside intervention, yet unless he could appease his own people, Bolshevism was doomed. In March, 1921, he announced the New Economic Policy: after a heavy tax, peasants could sell their own produce; some industry was returned to private hands. Battling for survival, communism had to retreat toward capitalism.





THE FAMINE went on, and hunger and disease stalked the land. Red soldiers raided churches and sold their loot for food. Clergymen who protested the seizure of their most sacred treasures were promptly executed. "Religion is the opiate of the people," Marx had said, and his disciples were determined to obliterate it. Kangaroo courts sent countless churchmen to Siberia—or death. The public teaching of religion was forbidden. There could be only one god in Soviet Russia—and his name was Lenin.

BUT LENIN PROVED to be a mortal god. On January 21, 1924, a cerebral hemorrhage ended his life. And even while the Soviets were deifying their lost leader (his body was preserved and enshrined in Moscow's Red Square), a wild and bloody scramble was going on for his seat of power. In the end, Trotsky, the chief claimant and hero of the Red Army, was exiled, hunted across the world, and ultimately assassinated in Mexico. A comparative unknown named Joseph Stalin became the new dictator of Russia.



DURING THE GREAT FAMINE, communism had miserably failed to feed the starving population. Only the hard work and productivity of the kulaks—individual farmers—had eased the nation-wide hunger that came with the breakdown of production and transportation. But now Stalin had consolidated his power, and these hardy, independent farmers stood as a galling symbol of the failure of collective agriculture. Stalin made his decision: "As a class, kulaks must be liquidated." Farms were seized and families slaughtered. More than 1,000,000 perished in the blood bath attending the most colossal land grab in history. But without the kulaks to grow grain, famine swept Russia once more. Again Stalin struck. Those who weren't killed were sent to labor camps in Siberia and the Arctic. Packed into freight cars like beasts, thousands died on the freezing journey. Survivors were thrown into labor battalions to work until they dropped in their tracks. At last, the communist betrayal of Russia was complete.





ON A DECEMBER AFTERNOON in 1934, a Communist Party chief was shot and killed near his office. No ordinary official, Sergey Kirof was Stalin's most trusted aide, and his assassination touched off the Great Purge that lasted four years and sent untold thousands to death before Red firing squads. The charges varied: conspiring with the Germans; betrayal of the Revolution. But the victims had one thing in common—they were the men who threatened Stalin's absolute power, and he wiped them out ruthlessly.

MEANWHILE, another tyrant rose. Shrieking the menace of communism, Adolf Hitler became master of Germany. Nazi hordes threaten us, Stalin told the Russians. But with Hitler anxious to secure his Eastern Front, and with Stalin eager for land and time, the enemies made their evil peace. At secret conclaves in August, 1939, Molotov and von Ribbentrop signed the pact that stunned the world. Days later, the German juggernaut rolled over Poland. Russia took her share. World War II was begun.



BUT EVEN WITH the blood of countless Poles and Frenchmen, Stalin had bought the unhappy Russians less than two uneasy years of peace. The price: friendship and assistance from the civilized world. Now, having smashed through Belgium, France, and Poland, Hitler turned east. At dawn on June 22, 1941, the big tanks and dive bombers that had terrorized Western Europe roared across the Russian border. Weeks later, Nazi divisions hammered at the gates of Moscow, Leningrad, Kharkov. But across the sea, President Franklin D. Roosevelt had solemnly proclaimed that any fighter in civilization's war against world fascism was an American ally. Soon, great convoys of Allied ships would leave U.S. ports to ply the submarine-infested waters to Murmansk and Archangel. Laden with rifles, tanks, planes, and shells from the Arsenal of Democracy, they would bring hope to the courageous Russian people, strength to lash back at the invader. But in the summer of 1941, the news from Russia was grim.





"A SCORCHED EARTH" became Russian policy. As they fell back, peasants and soldiers burned crops and homes. They blew up industrial plants and bridges which they had painfully labored to build. Advancing Nazis found only naked desolation. Freezing winters decimated their ranks. With the Second Front, Germany's end was near. Russia had suffered terrible losses. Would the grim crucible of war and the wartime partnership with the West show the Kremlin the futility of violence and treachery?

BARELY WAS THE ARMISTICE signed when the all-powerful Politburo began its dreary game of obstruction, treaty evasion, and open hostility. They blockaded Berlin; they sent their satellites to war against the United Nations in Korea. At home, armament production was stepped up while wartime promises of peace and prosperity were ignored. In the Soviets' mock elections, voters find only one list of names on the ballot. Today, the people of Russia face only the bleak prospect of tension, war—and oblivion.

New Drugs to Ease FEAR and WORRY

by MADELYN WOOD

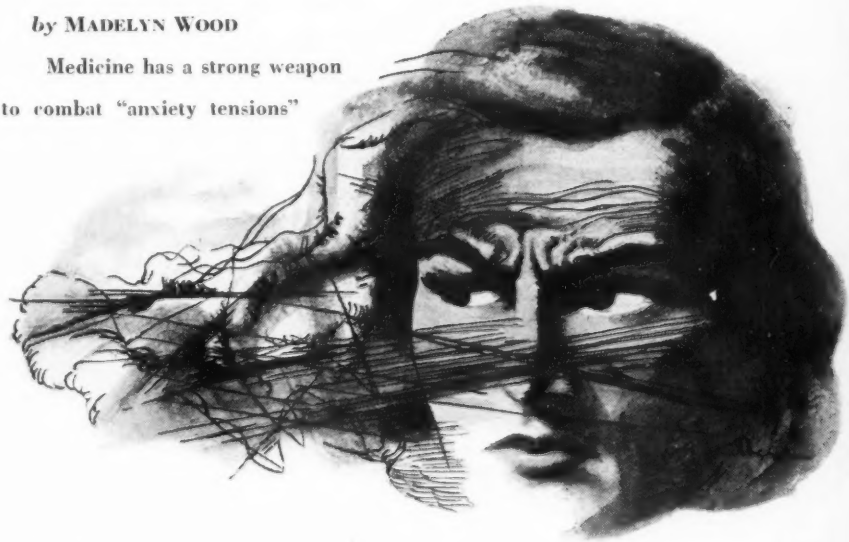
Medicine has a strong weapon to combat "anxiety tensions"

IN OUR WORLD of nerve-racking tensions, millions of people are nagged by worry, haunted by nameless fears. For them, life has become a desperate struggle to achieve peace of mind. All too few succeed, although they clutch eagerly at every shred of hope.

If you are one of these millions, you can take heart, for medicine has made a tremendous discovery. It has found a drug that fights fear and worry!

Properly used, it has almost overnight wiped out some of the physical symptoms of anxiety and has restored calm to troubled minds. Combined with psychiatric treatment, it is offering release from tension in victims who had failed to respond to the most drastic therapy.

Understandably, medicine has been cautious about heralding such a momentous discovery until there



was confirmation that the compound and its effects were as astonishing as they appeared to be. But the evidence has continued to pile up. The drug, known as mephenesin, or by such trade names as Tolserol and Myanesin, is accomplishing results which border on the marvelous.

The compound is easily administered by mouth or by injection. It is safe and nonhabit-forming. Hundreds of thousands of doses have been given safely, and the results have been spectacular.

Mephenesin fights the tension which nature herself creates in modern man when she turns loose in him the same forces our ancestors needed to meet the dangers of the jungle. It was all very well for primitive man to get keyed up. Sooner or later, he could take it out in physical action—in fight or in flight.

In our society, of course, things are not that simple. You can't just run away from, or haul off and hit, the person or force that seems to be menacing you. The problem for modern man is that when he gets all excited he often stays that way, or he may turn his natural frustration into destructive channels.

For millions, the result is mental and physical torment, days spent in combat with ugly doubts, nights in staring sleeplessness. Doctors call this condition of "anxiety tension" one of the greatest troublemakers among ailments. For, in a state of anxiety, the heart speeds up, digestion is disturbed, blood pressure jumps, nerves grow taut. No wonder medicine says bluntly that anxiety tension underlies many mental ills and aggravates physical ills.

Because anxiety is such a sneaking masquerader, assuming a variety of physical forms, many people don't even know they are victims. Heart trouble, hypertension, asthma, indigestion, insomnia, skin irritations, headaches—the catalogue of ills that can be caused by anxiety is appallingly long.

Beyond that, psychiatrists aver, the unbearable tension so twists the personality that it often motivates crimes, shatters marriages, turns children against parents, smashes promising careers, and strains every kind of human relationship as the victim lashes out at the nearest human target.

CURIOUSLY, the first medical job of mephenesin, the new anxiety-fighting drug, had nothing to do with anxiety. In 1946, some English researchers, looking for muscle-relaxants, became interested in an unnamed chemical compound that had been floating around since 1909. No one had ever thought it good for much of anything, but now it seemed that the stuff helped to relax muscles.

With that as a clue, researchers at the University of Rochester, headed by Dr. F. M. Berger, wondered if it might not help the victims of spastic disorders. Here were people who could not control the violent movements of their muscles, people who suffered terrible pain from their tense, unnatural muscular condition.

Soon the researchers had good news to report. Using a device called the electromyograph, which records electrical discharges from muscles, they noticed startling changes. Within five minutes after

administration of the drug (named Tolserol by Squibb, the manufacturer who made it available for clinical trial in this country) the discharges from those diseased muscles began to assume the pattern of those given off by normal muscles. Moreover, the grateful patients reported that their dreadful pains disappeared; they were able to move legs and arms far more freely; involuntary movements stopped or slowed down. Even some victims of Parkinson's syndrome, the dreaded shaking palsy, were helped.

The significance of what Tolserol had done caused excitement among doctors. Somehow it had screened nerve impulses. It stopped the "bad" ones; it let the "good" ones go through! Along with this astonishing capability, the doctors noticed something else. While nervous patients were under influence of the drug, they calmed down. Yet they were not drowsy, as they were after many ordinary drugs which had a calming effect.

This was good news for sufferers from muscular disorders, and today mephenesin is helping many victims of bursitis, lumbago, and sacroiliac strain. Yet buried in reports of the drug's effectiveness there was the hint of another tremendous possibility. Many patients during the initial injection phase tended to become talkative and show relaxation of nervous tension.

Relaxation from nervous tension! Those were the words that struck Dr. Pauline Cook in Chicago. Mephenesin relaxed people, reduced tension. Might it not be just the thing to help the victims of anxiety? Rigid, tense, suffering from all the distressing symptoms of a body ready to meet a danger that may never come, they needed something to help them "let down."

Consider the plight of a student, fearful that he will not pass his course in math. By a trick of nature, his body prepares to engage in physical combat with the professor. Of course the student can't do this, so the bodily tension remains, or takes some dangerous outlet, such as alcoholism.

Or take the case of a wife worried about her husband. Is he really so busy at the office—or is there another woman? Nature prepares her to pull somebody's hair. Robbed of this outlet, her body contrives to think of something to do with the energy; it gives her a low backache.

It's not always quite that simple, but that is the underlying idea. If such people are to be helped at all, they must first relax and get rid of tense readiness for combat.

At Dr. Cook's suggestion, Dr. Louis Schlan of the Manteno State Hospital in Illinois and Dr. Klaus Unna of the University of Illinois College of Medicine chose 63 troubled patients for their first tests. Here they had a group of tormented people, suffering from various kinds of anxiety states, some actually insane, some alcoholic, and some addicted to drugs. All had endured these conditions for a long time, and many had been treated with everything the doctors knew—electroshock, insulin shock, carbon-dioxide therapy, and combinations of all three.

Now look what happened to three of these patients, women suffering with anxiety. Within one hour after they were given mephenesin, they calmed down. Their mus-

cular trembling disappeared. All three reported they were "able to think things through," and talked lucidly about their troubles. Though this effect lasted only about two hours, all went to sleep that night without sleeping pills.

Even more startling was the effect on eight patients who were acute alcoholics. They were clearly suffering with "the shakes." Asked to drink coffee, they could do it only with what the doctors termed "heroic effort," using both hands to get the cup to their lips.

Yet, said the researchers, "within 30 to 60 minutes after injection of the drug, the cup could be lifted with one hand in the normal fashion without spilling." Moreover, the haunting anxiety which had bothered all these patients disappeared. Previously they had showed up at the hospital repeatedly, requiring prolonged treatment with barbiturates and other drugs.

THE VAST MAJORITY of anxiety victims, of course, never reach the hospital stage. They are otherwise completely normal people who, by the millions, are suffering from this "disease"—this uneasiness of mind.

"Contrary to popular concept," says Dr. Henry Dixon of the University of Oregon Medical School, "these tension states exist largely in healthy, vigorous, able, and capable individuals who are successful in the professions, the skilled type of vocations, people who are highly organized and often are successfully carrying out business ventures."

What does mephenesin do for them? These were just the people Dr. Dixon and his associates at Oregon were already seeking to help by teaching the art of relaxation. Their cases had been carefully diagnosed to make sure that none of their physical ailments could be accounted for by any other disability than an anxiety state. Since the doctors saw these patients five or six times a week, each was given only enough of the drug to last a 24-hour period.

In nine months, about 500 patients took varying doses of Tolserol. As the doctors tabulated the results, their reports were impressively studded with comments that held rich promise for all anxiety sufferers. "Much relief from acute tension." "Found sleep much easier." "Relief of spasm of lower back." "Good feeling." "Happy." "Very relaxed."

It was almost too good to be true, but there it was. "In all except a very few," said the jubilant medical men, "there was a dramatic and most satisfactory termination of the feeling of anxiety."

In tests sponsored by the Veterans Administration in a Pennsylvania V. A. hospital, Tolserol produced equally amazing results. One man who was pacing the corridor, in mental agony that made him scream, was given a single injection. In ten minutes he was calm. "That was good medicine. It helped me a lot," he kept saying.

Another patient who suddenly burst into violence, screaming and threatening during a psychiatric interview, was given Tolserol. He calmed down and continued the interview quietly.

In our troubled times, when the secret of relaxation seems so hard to find, mephenesin may well become one of the most valuable of man's discoveries. For, up to now,

relaxation could be purchased only at the price of drowsiness, lethargy, loss of efficiency—or even loss of consciousness.

Relaxant drugs, such as the barbiturates, act on relatively high centers of the brain, in addition to other broad areas of the nervous system. Mephenesin, to the contrary, acts *selectively* on certain portions of the spinal cord and lower brain centers. It has little or no effect on the higher centers. This is a radically new and different drug action.

Exhaustive tests to evaluate further the specific value of the drug as an "anxiety fighter" are now being made in clinics and laboratories of leading universities and hospitals.

"For the time being," in the words of Dr. Dixon, "this much at least can be said: most habitually tense or anxious individuals may quickly understand that they are to relax, but do not know what the sensations or experiences of relaxation are. This drug gives us a chance to show these people in a distinct and clear manner the exact feeling or emotion we wish them eventually to attain. No drug has ever adequately accomplished this for us in an even similar manner."

To medicine, this seems to be mephenesin's greatest promise—that it can show the victim of anxiety what real relief from tension is. Once having experienced the incomparable feeling of complete relaxation, many people will be able to go on from there to achieve true peace of mind and body.

Why Sons-in-Law Are Popular



HAVEN'T YOU OFTEN observed that more wives than husbands have mother-in-law trouble?

Mothers usually like sons-in-law better than daughters-in-law.

This does not just happen.

A son-in-law belongs to the sex toward whom a woman is most friendly.

Nearly every woman likes men better than women.

Woman is compelled, all her life, to attract man and establish friendly relations with him. She is pleased over the capture of a male, whether he becomes husband or son-in-law.

So, since a son-in-law is more or less of a trophy, and belongs to the sex in which the mother-in-law is most interested, what could be more logical than that she should take his part if daughter upbraids him?

She feels like saying to her daughter: "Now that we've caught him, let's be nice to him and try to keep him."

When a son marries, the situation is reversed. A woman is just as anxious to keep a man as to attract one.

It is doubtful if any mother ever saw her son marry without suffering a painful twinge at the thought of another woman winning him away from her side.

She puts on a happy front, knowing that it is useless to do anything else; but the fact remains that women are sex rivals and it can't be much joy to a mother to hand over one of her favorite menfolk to a younger woman.

—FRED C. KELLY

Help YOURSELF to Gasoline!

by ANDREW HAMILTON

Frank Urich started a trend and made a fortune with his chain of self-serve stations

ONE DAY BACK IN 1942, Frank Urich, owner of a small but moderately prosperous chain of independent gasoline stations in southern California, convoyed his wife Elva and seven-year-old son Dick on a shopping tour. As kids do, Dick begged to eat in a cafeteria.

When they queued up for trays, an intriguing notion suddenly hit Frank. "If people will wait in line to save a few pennies on food, wouldn't they do the same thing for gasoline?"

Because it was wartime, Urich couldn't tinker with his idea until 1947. Since then, however, he has mesmerized thousands of California



motorists into pumping their own gas, pressuring their own tires, and swabbing their own windshields. Incidentally, he has become a millionaire in the process. Today he owns a chain of 23 multi-pump self-serve stations which are dispensing gas at the record-breaking rate of 2,000,000 gallons a month.

On the highway, self-serves are easy to spot: big, well-lighted, outdoor stations with gaudy signs and easy approaches. One distinguishing characteristic is that the pump islands are set at right angles to the street—which speeds up service. Because of their tremendous sales volume and large storage capacity, multi-pumps are able to retail gas at as much as three cents a gallon less than conventional stations.

Competitors, who once labeled Frank Urich as "that crazy, bat-brained fool," have since used his ideas widely and successfully. Even when side-stepping the self-service angle, other operators have been quick to recognize the advantages of Urich's new, wide-open style of station design and mass-merchandising techniques. Currently, some 800 self-serves are in operation across the United States.



THE HELP-YOURSELF idea in the gas business isn't exactly new. It has been tried with indifferent results in conventional stations for 25 years. But it took Frank Urich, a soft-spoken, poker-faced Californian, to put the idea over.

A former semiprofessional boxer and tire-company employee, Urich in 1930 was advised by his doctor to find himself an outdoor job because he was allergic to some chemical in rubber. Frank borrowed $50 from his brother Bill and bought a run-down little gas station in Whittier, California.

Working 18 hours a day, Frank and Bill built up the business, acquired more stations, ran a bus line to transport workers to war plants, and purchased an automobile dealership.

By the end of World War II, the Urich brothers owned a small chain of independent stations in the suburbs east of Los Angeles. Then, in 1947, Frank decided it was time to put his cafeteria-born idea into practice on South Atlantic Boulevard in East Los Angeles.

Competitors laughed; even his associates shook their heads in dismay. But Frank collected $50,000, erected a building on the back of a large lot, set 18 pumps (in islands of three) at right angles to the street, and built wide entrances and exits. He put up a huge sign that read "Serve Yourself and Save Five Cents," and hired pretty girl cash-

iers on skates to collect money from the public. Then he sat back to see what would happen.

In the first 15 days the station sold 79,000 gallons—double Frank's wildest expectations. By August, sales had soared to a phenomenal 300,000 gallons a month. They kept on climbing giddily until this one station was selling 530,000 gallons of gasoline a month.

"People used to come for miles to goggle at our first self-serve," Urich recalls. "Rival chains used to send around checkers to count our customers. Just to keep 'em guessing," he chuckles, "we'd run in an empty truck and put down a hose into a storage tank that was already full."

By December, 1947, there were ten self-serves in Los Angeles; by the following September, there were 40—averaging about 250,000 gallons a month. Some of them were making profits of $5,000 to $8,000. But neither Urich nor the other self-serve owners realized what a rip-roaring battle was in the making.

It was when the self-serve stations —with cut-rate prices and big sales —moved into areas formerly dominated by conventional stations that trouble started. Urich and Hugh Lacy, his sales manager, received so many threatening letters and telephone calls that Lacy refused to leave the office without a gun.

Troublemakers tossed matches on the concrete aprons of the self-serves, hoping the cashiers' skates would set them ablaze. Sometimes they threw creosote-filled light bulbs through station windows to splatter on the walls. Once, a gang of hoodlums roared into a Urich self-serve and beat up the night crew.

The next battle Urich faced was more formidable than strong-arm methods. When one of the new stations opened, political pressure brought by the opposition persuaded local officials to declare that self-serves were fire hazards. Then the city fathers wrote an ordinance banning self-service on grounds of safety. The technique was extremely effective.

But Urich wasn't an ex-fighter for nothing. One night he heard Dan Lundberg, former CBS newscaster, give a 15-minute commentary over a Pasadena radio station. As a "conversation piece" for a nightly broadcast, Lundberg flailed away at the opposition which was trying to prevent the phenomenal self-serves from expanding. He saw the controversy in terms of monopoly vs. free enterprise.

"That's our man!" said Urich and scribbled a check for $2,000 in Lundberg's name. Next day he slapped it on the newscaster's desk and invited him to help in the fight to establish self-service stations in California.

"When Urich first came to see me, I was so dumb I didn't know a safety nozzle from a spark plug," says Lundberg today. "But I did know this: the self-serves needed to be organized."

Lundberg got his first break quickly. The city of Arcadia, home of famous Santa Anita race track, had just clamped a freeze on self-serves. Then in April, 1949, little Kathy Fiscus fell down a well in San Marino, a town not far from Arcadia. A band of courageous men labored for days to bring her body to the surface.

During the rescue operations, a fund of $42,613 was collected for

the heroic workers. When someone proposed that the money be used to erect a statue to Kathy, Lundberg hammered away on the radio in favor of spending the money for its original purpose; to pay the men, some of them unemployed, who had done the job.

When the purse was finally split up, the rescue crew would have walked on hot coals for Lundberg. Promptly he enlisted them in a house-to-house canvass of Arcadia, bearing a petition to the city council, demanding that the ban on self-serves be lifted.

The idea was a natural. A doughty sand hog would rap politely on a door. "Don't you remember me, lady? I'm one of the guys you saw on television, trying to rescue little Kathy Fiscus. Well, I'm working on another public project now. Just sign here . . ."

The necessary signatures were gathered in just four days and the City Council reversed itself. The first fight to establish self-serve stations in California was won. Then, with Hugh Lacy as president and Lundberg as secretary, the Serve Yourself Gasoline Stations Association, Inc., was organized to carry the fight to other parts of the U.S.

Every new city opened up meant a bitter scrap. Azusa, Bakersfield, Banning, Huntington Beach, Monrovia—each called for a different technique. Urich and Lundberg used full-page ads, radio programs, giveaways, hillbilly bands—anything to get the story of self-serves over to the people. With every city that was cracked open, ultimate victory came that much closer.

Today, self-serves have sprouted more thickly on the Pacific Coast than elsewhere. California has approximately 400 at present; Washington, Nevada, and Arizona have 40 each, while the rest are scattered throughout other parts of the U. S. However, self-serves are still banned in many states.

Urich's fight in California has broken the enemy front. Recently, some of the larger cities have reversed themselves and rescinded the self-serve ban. And some fire-insurance companies, whose rates on self-serves used to be 50 per cent higher, have brought them into line with rates charged conventional stations.

THE ORIGINAL Urich design is America's gasoline station of the future. An unusually open-handed man, Frank has furnished several thousand sets of plans and photographs to those who requested information. Several competitors have actually built their stations directly from his blueprints.

Multi-pumps have turned into Big Business. An investment of $45,000 to $100,000 must be plunked down today, and profits may run from $2,000 to $3,000 a month. It requires more money to build a self-serve station than a conventional one—but it's cheaper in the long run and spells greater dividends.

A multi-pump manager must have a touch of P. T. Barnum in him. The self-serves deck themselves out as gaudily as circus midways. Bright paint, flags, bunting, and high-powered lights are routine. Some managers have erected huge signs costing $2,000 to lure motorists into their establishments.

Stations give away television sets, new sedans, or cash jack pots up to

$5,000. In California, the self-serves have found that dressing the girl cashiers in shorts, Scotch kilts, or Arabian burnooses is a lure hard to beat. There's free bubble gum and ice-cream cones for the kiddies, steel rulers and cigars for the husband, and cooking utensils and dishes for the women. One station carries an extra $10,000 on paydays to cash checks.

But perhaps the most puncture-proof lure of all is Urich's self-serve philosophy. The zaniest entertainment in the world can ultimately pall, but the lure of saving money never loses its luster.

America's 44,000,000 motorists spend something like $8,140,000,000 a year on gasoline and oil. This means about 640 gallons of gasoline a year for the average motorist. If he can save three cents on every gallon he buys, during the two minutes it takes him to put ten gallons of gasoline into his car and pay the pretty girl on roller skates, he pockets the fastest 30 cents he ever earned in his life.

"Besides," says one dealer, "some guys like to handle the nozzle."

One thing seems certain. Self-serves are on the march and will soon be found on every highway in America. Except for the motorists themselves, Frank Urich is perhaps happier than anyone else about the phenomenon for which he was personally responsible. For it proved to him that an energetic man with a dream can surmount any obstacles in the road to success.



Headwork in the Clutch



MUCH TO THE consternation of his wife, the manufacturer of electrical appliances was so devoted to business that he had no time for recreation. Tonight, however, a married couple had dropped in; and with the wife's help had succeeded in luring the magnate out to a pleasure spot.

The foursome were watching a very active rumba dancer doing her act when the wife exclaimed to her friends: "Why, look at him—look! Imagine the old tycoon—positively enraptured by this entertainment!"

"Quiet!" growled the concentrating magnate, never taking his gaze off the shapely hip-twister. "I've got an idea for a new type of agitator for our washing machines!"

HANDSOME MR. SMITH had stepped at a lively pace during the month his wife had been visiting her family in the South. The couple were giving their first party after the wife's return home, when a noisy guest said slyly: "I suppose this party must seem tame to you, Mr. Smith."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Well," replied the guest, "when the cat's away, the mice will—"

Mr. Smith swung and felled the loquacious guest with a right to the jaw. His wife, horrified, wailed: "For heaven's sake, John, what's the idea?"

Gallantly he came back with: "Nobody's going to call my darling wife a cat!" —*Wall Street Journal*

Cutting a Rug Around the World

Versatile Red Skelton, film, radio, and television star (NBC-TV, 10:00-10:30 P.M., EST, Sunday) plays a new role as quizmaster. He wants you to match the dances below with the countries with which they are popularly associated. See how well you can do: 18 correct and you can cut a mean rug in any country; 15 right and you're fairly cosmopolitan; but less than 13, you'd better sign up for a folk-dancing class. (Answers on page 72.)



1. Samba	Poland
2. Highland Fling	England
3. Tarantella	Brazil
4. Jig	Scotland
5. Mazurka	Czechoslovakia
6. Bolero	Hawaii
7. Lambeth Walk	Austria
8. Rumba	Japan
9. Polka	France
10. Czardas	Cuba
11. Hula	Israel
12. Horra	Russia
13. Tango	Italy
14. Waltz	Spain
15. Drei Lederne Strümpf	Ireland
16. Alexandrovska	Switzerland
17. La Cucaracha	United States
18. Lindy	Mexico
19. Gavotte	Argentina
20. Odori	Hungary

does Rita want career or love?



by GRADY JOHNSON

Her royal romance ended, the loveliest redhead of the films is back in Hollywood and glad to be there

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, a plush-carpeted and bemirrored star dressing room at Columbia Pictures studios was the scene of a drama as heart-warming as any movie Hollywood ever made.

Lillian, a buxom, bandannaed colored maid fluttered about, tidying up the long-neglected suite and crying, "Glory be, my baby's back!" Meanwhile, some 200 studio workers filed in and out, carrying welcome signs in honor of a returned princess.

The princess, herself arranging bric-a-brac and wearing a housekeeper's cap over the most famous red hair in modern history, called everyone by his first name, cried a little, and saw that everyone got a cold beer or coffee.

Margarita Carmen Cansino, better known to millions of movie-goers as Rita Hayworth, had come home to resume her career after sawing off one of the most publicized romances of recent times.

After having been married to the Mohammedan playboy, Aly Khan, heir to the fabulous Aga Khan fortune—a third and unhap-

py marriage for which she sacrificed a lucrative film contract and endured world criticism—Rita had reason to weep. She knew that regardless of what others thought, these "little" people loved her, else they would not have welcomed her so genuinely and spontaneously.

To understand the phenomenon of Rita Hayworth, the seeming ease with which she falls in and out of love, the worship of her on the one hand and the gossip on the other, the pages of history must turn back to 1935. Motion pictures had weathered the depression perhaps better than most industries, and high-salaried stars, directors, and producers went to gaudy Tia Juana, Mexico, to gamble and spend.

Helping provide the fun, but never a part of it, was a 17-year-old, chubby but dark and beautiful *señorita* who rattled castanets and stamped flirtatious feet as dancing partner of her handsome, youthful father, Eduardo Cansino, in the floor show at the then-fabulous Caliente Club.

Cansino, almost despairing of her plumpness, had danced with her at the less ornate Foreign Club for a year, preparing her for the Caliente where he hoped she would be seen by film executives. Already a local sensation, admired by frustrated swains who saw her Seville-born father, following old Spanish custom, whisk her home after every show, Margarita eventually caught the eye of Winfield Sheehan, executive of the old Fox Film company.

"That girl," said Sheehan, watching her and her father perform, "should be in pictures."

He offered her a test, her father accepted, and Margarita—who never had had a boy friend, whose love of pretty clothes even then caused her seldom to wear the same dress twice—went to Hollywood. Those who saw her test raved over her beauty and the ease with which she photographed. She was given a week's work at $500, but it stretched out to three weeks because her dance partner sprained an ankle.

The money meant nothing to her, Papa Cansino recalls, so long as she got the pretty dresses. Moreover, he doesn't think money means anything to her today, except as a yardstick of professional prestige, notwithstanding the sums the press has recently discussed as a possible settlement from Aly on their daughter, Yasmine.

A QUIET, SHY CHILD all her life, Rita was afraid of Hollywood. Cansino, hired at the same time as a dance director, had to take her by the hand to the studio every morning. "People said I was too strict with her, that I should allow her more contact with men or she would rebel."

Rita's dancing in *Dante's Inferno* caused the studio to offer her the minimum $75-a-week stock contract, but Cansino held out for a weekly $200. He had hidden in a projection room to see her first rushes and had heard studio bosses' praise of her. However, she made several pictures, including *Charlie Chan in Egypt* and *Paddy O'Day*, without any great success.

Between films, she had studied dramatics and high-school subjects at the studio's schools, bicycled four inches off her hips, quit blushing at wolf whistles, and, under Papa's watchful eye, been chased energet-

ically but fruitlessly by dozens of Hollywood blades.

"More important," she recalled upon her recent homecoming, "I had developed a burning ambition —as only a too-fat 17-year-old can burn—to become a good actress."

It was one Edward C. Judson, a suave, balding automobile salesman and promoter as old as her father, who convinced her she could. "It was warm, pleasant oil he poured in my ears," she said. He became her business manager, advised her to dye her hair red, helped her to lose more weight, selected glamorous wardrobes for her, and induced her to marry him.

"He convinced me I was helpless without him," Rita has said.

At the time, Hollywood believes, she couldn't have done without the heavy-jowled, well-groomed Judson. Sheltered so zealously by her father, she still needed sheltering. Judson sought parts for her, demanded higher salaries, "thought for me and dictated my every move," she said. Divorcing him in 1942 after six years of marriage, she observed: "He regarded me only as an investment. I had no fun."

She had been drawn to Judson by a cruel disappointment which, friends think, shaped subsequent events. Discoverer Sheehan had cast her in the classic role of Ramona, her first big chance. Gowns had been fitted, make-up tests made, and dialogue learned, when a stranger phoned from the studio that she shouldn't report. The company had been reorganized into 20th Century-Fox. Sheehan was out. Her option had been dropped.

"I cried and screamed," Rita recalled recently as she tugged at the sun suit of two-year-old Yasmine, a miniature of herself, to restrain the lively child from running into her Beverly Hills swimming pool. "I vowed that I would show those men. I would become famous, and then they'd be sorry."

A few years later they were. Signed by Judson to a contract with Harry Cohn at Columbia—starting at $250 a week and reaching $1,750 a week in seven years—she went back to 20th Century-Fox on loan to play opposite Tyrone Power in *Blood and Sand*. While she drew only her regular salary from Columbia, 20th paid Cohn five times as much for her services.

"You don't have to be a revengeful person to taste the sweetness of that," she said.

She did *Only Angels Have Wings*, *My Gal Sal*, and *Strawberry Blonde*. The last brought sighs from GI foxholes and provided a pin-up portrait of her—second only to Betty Grable's famous bathing-suit number.

After her divorce from Judson, Rita rebelled. She rebelled against parental and marital sheltering and became the gayest, dancingest lass in a Hollywood decimated by war.

With Victor Mature, she closed the Mocambo and Ciro's night after night. Orson Welles, David Niven, and Tony Martin followed, each more or less avowing love for her. Criticized for having so many suitors, Rita's Latin heritage snapped back: "In Spain, where my father came from, and in Mexico, where I've lived, a girl's worth is judged by the number of suitors she has!"

Willful, dogmatic Welles took her out of circulation before she had known any real freedom. Although she can't regret her 1943 marriage

to him, because out of that union came her seven-year-old daughter Rebecca, it was not a happy marriage. Welles, the acting-writing-directing star, was too preoccupied with his work.

"While he interested me in books and finer things," she pouted, "he stayed up all night writing. I couldn't live with his genius."

Before she filed for divorce in 1947, she made the unforgettable *Gilda* and reaped international publicity because an obscure GI pasted a sexy picture of her on the Bikini atom bomb. Then, after the divorce, she took off for Europe where she met orchestra leader Ted Stauffer, who showed her around the Continent.

Returning to Hollywood, and impressed with the $7,000,000 box-office gross of *Gilda*, she formed her own company, Beckworth Films (named for Rebecca and Hayworth), in order to get a larger share of the profits. For the new company she made *Lady From Shanghai*, then returned to Europe where she met Aly Khan at one of Elsa Maxwell's parties for the gay rich on the Riviera in 1947.

Those who had followed Rita's marital troubles felt that the gay prince would be perfect for a girl who never had truly lived. It was to be a storybook match, and Rita thought so, too. He had money, culture, charm, and position; she had fame and beauty. In the parlance of Aly's racing stables, however, both were stepping up in class —Rita into international society for which she wasn't equipped; he, into more international prominence.

Aly, still awaiting divorce from the former wife of brewing heir Thomas Loel E. B. Guinness, pursued Rita to Hollywood. From there, they carried their romance by plane to Mexico, Cuba, Ireland, and the Continent, met and photographed at every stop by reporters and photographers.

Aly, owing nothing to the press, gave reporters a bad time, while Rita, apparently feeling secure in her new love, quit kowtowing to the newspapers which, like husbands, had run her life. She kept Paris reporters waiting an hour to see her, and in London she perversely engaged a gentleman's gentleman in white wig and knee breeches to act as liaison with newsmen.

When Rita and Aly announced they would marry, she said, regarding a talked-about financial settlement: "I don't want anything from Aly but his love. I am in love." To marry him at the peak of her career, she gave up $4,500 a week, plus 25 per cent of the profits in Beckworth Films. Besides, she had pulled up stakes in California, to be with Aly.

The only inkling Cansino had of serious romance was when she telephoned him one day, saying: "Come over. I want you to meet somebody." Unable to go at the time, Cansino never met Aly.

On May 27, 1949, Rita and Aly were wed by the mayor of Vallauris, again by Moslem priests. Aly ceremoniously kissed her foot, she cut a cake with a sword, looked over a mountain of wedding gifts. Seven months later she became the mother of cherubic Yasmine.

When Rita filed notice of her intention to divorce Aly, she said that he had too many social obligations and that their home was like a hotel. Rumor, on which she has declined comment, said the real reason was

that Aly could not resist the charms of other women. On the other hand, it is known that Aly's attorneys sought to effect a reconciliation.

All of Rita's husbands and swains seem to have loved her and made overtures to keep her. Even the Aga Khan was smitten. "She is charming," said he. "So modest and sweet—yes, a lovely girl, quite exceptional."

Yet none has given her the marriage or the home that she needs or her children need, she says.

"I'm a Spanish peasant," says this dark daughter of a Spanish dancer. That self-appraisal, many think, is the key to her character, the explanation of her inconsistencies. Rita, they say, is at heart a homebody who had the misfortune to be born beautiful and talented, who was thrown into fast company but, once in the race, had the spirit to run with it.

"An ounce less drive and she would have ended up marrying a truck driver and having 12 kids," one director has said of her.

EXCEPT FOR her romantic entanglements—themselves no record for Hollywood—there has been nothing abnormal about her life. Biographers have searched in vain for eccentricities to make her a madcap. Today she says her only concern is for her children.

Rita is perhaps more beautiful than ever, her chief appeal still strictly sex. As one ecstatic male put it: "There's little more to Rita than meets the eye. What more do you want?"

The actress admits she is ambitious, but only in a *mañana* way. "I'd like to work two days a week and go away with the children for five days of fun," she says. "But I've been in show business so long I could never be happy completely away from it."

According to the limited picture schedule she has planned, Rita is assured plenty of free time for dancing and the intimate patio dinners she prepares for her gregarious relatives. She can pat a *tortilla* with the best of cooks, and likes a lot of pepper on her *tacos* and *frijoles*.

At family get-togethers, she and Grandfather Antonio Cansino used to dance old-fashioned Spanish numbers. Still hale and hearty, he was her father's teacher and first of the dancing Cansinos, which recently embraced four generations when little Rebecca enrolled at Eduardo Cansino's dance studio on Pico Boulevard, a stone's throw from the frame house where Rita spent her childhood.

"I love to dance and I want Rebecca to dance," she says. "After she learns, it's entirely up to her what she does with it."

Rita, who was 33 last October, today has a mature beauty and charm. She tips the scales at 116 pounds, 20 pounds lighter than when she came to Hollywood back in 1935. Five feet six inches tall, she has a 36-inch bust and 36-inch hips, her once-thick waist an hourglass by contrast. If she feels any bitterness over her misadventures in marriage, she won't say so, and her soft brown eyes, while not those of a girl who still needs leading by the hand, betray none.

Clothes are not as important to her as they once were. Around the house she often wears blue jeans, blouse, and bandanna, her hair

sometimes in pigtails and tied with blue bows. She lives in a four-bedroom rented house on Alpine Drive, near the Beverly Hills Hotel, swims only infrequently in its small pool and sleeps in a king-size bed.

Rita has a fierce loyalty toward the "little" people with whom she works, because she considers herself one of them who was lucky. Once on location for a picture, she quietly declined an invitation to cool off in a society leader's swimming pool because the woman didn't invite the hairdresser and wardrobe girl with whom Rita was rooming at the time.

"She didn't know us," the girls said, urging Rita to go.

"She didn't know me either," said Rita. "She invited a movie star —not Margarita Cansino."

She remembers birthdays of coworkers, and goes out of her way to be considerate. While working she's a dynamo of energy, but loses interest when scenes or pictures drag out. Her dancing grace causes her to fall automatically into photogenic postures, even in repose. When someone speaks to her from behind, she doesn't turn; she pirouettes.

Educated hit-and-miss, she prefers "small talk," especially of her children, to weighty conversation. She smokes too much, drinks socially, drives a green sedan equipped with custom-built safety seats for the children. Yasmine, she says, "is a little devil. She runs the nurse and me ragged, and sometimes Rebecca, who helps with her."

While Rita's very nature heretofore has inspired others to do things for her, she says she is going "to run my life myself to my own and the children's best advantage." She admits she has been impressed with Hollywood and royal luxury—"any peasant would"—and intends to work hard so that she and the children may have all the comforts and pleasures she can provide.

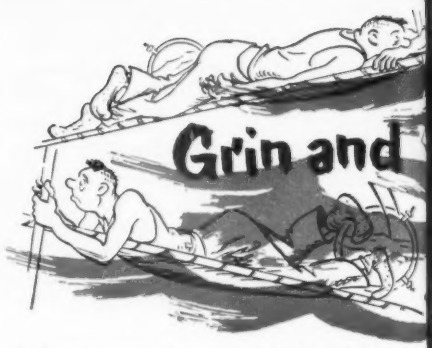
That is an up-to-date picture of the unpredictable Latin who has decided she likes being a movie queen better than being a Moslem princess, who has left a broken heart for every star in her crown, and who has earned the eager interest, if not always the respect, of millions of movie-goers.

Kindly  Camouflage

AN AMBITIOUS young extra obtained much-needed employment in an early motion picture that starred John Barrymore. But scarcely had he come on the set than Barrymore decided his profile was too much like his own and the director told the extra he would have to go.

As he passed Barrymore, the star glimpsed the misery in his eyes and, grasping his arm, whispered, "Go tell the make-up man to put a full beard on that kisser of yours!"

The beard went on the extra's kisser and the extra returned to the scene. And he's been on it pretty prominently ever since—for he is the popular movie star, Adolphe Menjou! —ADRIAN ANDERSON



A CERTAIN motion-picture star one day began to lend money to a goodly number of friends. Everybody thought he had gone crazy. To be sure, the amounts were small, but the fact that he lent any at all was cause for consternation among the people who knew him well.

"Don't you worry," grinned the star when it was pointedly suggested that he needed a vacation and mental relaxation. "I haven't loaned a dollar more than I'm willing to pay to be left alone. No one comes near when they owe you money."

THE OPERA was *Rigoletto*, and the scene had Rigoletto tearing his hair and in other ways showing a great deal of anguish because of the betrayal of Gilda.

Two bobby-soxers were watching the scene with intense interest. When it was ended, one turned to the other and said, "Why is he making such a fuss?"

"Goodness, don't you know anything!" explained her friend. "In those days it was a sin!"

—Sunshine Magazine

"I SEE YOU'RE driving a new car," said a policyholder enviously.

"Yes," replied the insurance salesman. "I tried to sell an insurance policy to an automobile salesman."

—Animator

THE RABBI came home from the synagogue looking very tired, and his wife was concerned.

"What was it you spoke about that took so much out of you?" she asked him.

"I argued," replied the rabbi, "that it was the duty of the rich to help the poor."

"Well," said his wife, "did you convince the congregation?"

"I would say," returned the rabbi, "that it was about 50-50. I convinced the poor." *—American Hebrew*

AS THE TROOPSHIP laden with battle-scarred veterans of Korea pulled into the West Coast harbor, a happy sergeant observed expansively to a private, "Well, farmer boy, are you glad you're going to hear the roosters crow and the old donkey bray again, eh?"

"It'll be mighty nice to hear the old donkey bray," replied the private, adding: "And not give orders."

A MAN HAD BEEN married for about a year and had taken to spending his evenings downtown with the boys. One night his conscience worried him so he called his young wife on the phone.

"Hello, darling," he said. "Slip on your glad rags and meet me downtown. We'll have dinner at some quiet little place and then see a show. How about it?"

"I'll be delighted to meet you, John," was the reply. "But why don't you come out to the house



and get me? There's nobody home."

As the husband's name is William, he now spends his evenings at home. And his wife wears a queer smile when he isn't looking at her.

—*Wall Street Journal*

INFORMED by his company that he would be transferred to another city, the young husband sent his wife ahead to find a house while he cleaned up details at the office. Arriving in the new city, he discovered his wife had made a down payment on a new home which seemed of flimsy construction.

He pushed his hand against the living-room wall, which weaved a little; then, looking at his apprehensive spouse, he said gently, "It's all right, dear. I'll try not to blow smoke rings too hard." —CLIFF WALTERS

AT THE CLUB, the members were whiling away a dull evening between Christmas and New Year's discussing the perennially popular subject: "What I Would Do If I Had a Million Dollars."

All had given their views save one. "We haven't heard from you, George," a member remarked. "Surely, as the head of a family which includes a luxury-loving wife and six expensive youngsters, you have something to say on the subject. What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

With a wry grin, George replied, "I guess I'd pay it on my Christmas bills—as far as it would go!"

—*Christian Science Monitor*

A FRATERNAL organization, gathered recently for a convention in a Canadian city, held the citizens spellbound with their colorful antics and practical jokes. One group of tall, brilliantly costumed conventioners suddenly encircled a pretty young girl on a busy downtown street, completely cutting her off from view.

As the crowd milled about wondering what they were up to, a dainty blouse was flung from the center of the group, to be quickly followed by a skirt. A woman screamed as a bra and panties came hurtling through the air. Then the jokers released their victim, fully clothed and wealthier by a crisp new bill for her good-natured cooperation in their prank. —V. JOHNSON

ANNOYED AT a slow motorist ahead of him, the bus driver leaned on his horn until his passengers' ears rang. A ten-year-old boy standing behind him glared witheringly at the bus jockey and drawled: "What else did you get for Christmas?"

—DES MOINES *Register and Tribune*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Get Out of Bed to Get Well!



It's no longer merely a theory; there's conclusive proof that early rising after surgery cuts convalescence time in half

by MORTON M. HUNT

THE LATE HENRY FORD was a man who liked to have things his own way. At 69, when he entered a hospital for an abdominal operation, the one thing he knew for sure was that he wanted bathroom privacy.

Despite the shocked doctors, he insisted on getting up from time to time, and shuffling off to his private bath. Not only was there no catastrophe, but to the amazement of the physicians Ford recovered from his operation far more smoothly and swiftly than a man of his years should have.

Though no one realized it at the time, Ford was practicing something that the medical profession discovered eight or nine years later, and called "early ambulation." In 1948, CORONET reported that the profession was experimenting with the new technique of getting patients up almost immediately after operations, instead of confining them to bed for a week. The results looked exciting and hopeful, with far fewer patients suffering from postoperative complications.

Now the score is in, and it's bet-

ter than anyone hoped for. Impressive evidence has been piled up in the past few years to show that the patient who lies quietly in bed after an operation runs needless risks of pneumonia, blood clots, general debilitation, low morale, and actual death. But the patient who gets up almost immediately after surgery and moves about not only avoids these risks, but cuts his convalescence time in half.

In 1938, nearly six years after Ford's demonstration, Dr. D. J. Leithauser, a Detroit surgeon, performed an appendectomy on a young man in St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital. The patient had a mind of his own and got out of bed a few hours later and walked around. The next day he went home, over Leithauser's protests, and in the following few days did some shopping, some gardening, and a good bit of driving. He made a remarkably swift and uneventful recovery.

Surgeon Leithauser pondered the matter in astonishment, and concluded that the early rising and mild activity had been better therapy, as regards the patient's muscle tone, digestion, lungs, heart, and even his incision, than confinement to bed would have been.

Leithauser found, however, that this was not a new idea. A Chicago surgeon, Dr. Emil Reis, had tried it and publicized it before the turn of the century. But when other doctors followed his lead, the imperfect surgical techniques of that day allowed many an incision to open.

In Europe, however, the idea caught on as surgeons learned to do better suturing. But it has been only within the past five years that early rising after surgery has been given a thorough and scientific tryout in America. Many thousands of patients have been coaxed out of their beds the first or second day after an operation, urged to breathe deeply and often, bend their joints and flex their muscles every hour—and the remarkable results have overwhelmingly proved that this simple idea is the greatest advance in postoperative care in many decades.

WHAT'S SO BAD about lying quietly in bed? For one thing, after an abdominal operation the diaphragm becomes relaxed and is pushed up in the chest, crowding the lungs and lessening air intake as much as 20 per cent. The patient doesn't get enough oxygen, even though he may be breathing more rapidly. This slows the healing and recovery process, and makes him feel feeble. What is even worse, the partially collapsed lungs may become filled with fluid and thus are ripe for pneumonia.

Yet so simple a thing as just standing up pulls the diaphragm into place, restores the ability to take deep breaths, and permits air to reach all parts of the lungs. Furthermore, the reflex that causes coughing seems to work better when the body is upright, a matter of no small significance.

In Philadelphia's Mount Sinai Hospital not long ago, an elderly man was helped out of bed less than 24 hours after major abdominal surgery. A few seconds later, he began to cough. A frightened look came over his face, but the nurse assured him the cough was merely nature's way of clearing the lungs. Had he been kept in bed, the cough reflex would have remained clogged, and

he might have been in trouble in a day or two.

But pneumonia is only the beginning of troubles that can come from remaining quietly in bed. After an operation, the body juggles its chemistry in self-defense and one result is that the blood is exceedingly ready and able to clot.

This is not always a benefit. The legs, for instance, are not accustomed to lying pressed upon a bed day after day, and the veins, unused to this treatment, develop microscopic breaks from which blood clots may grow. If not disrupted, these can become long streamers waving in the blood vessel until they break off; then they go drifting toward the heart (which they can damage or stop) and the lungs (where they can block off areas from a proper blood supply).

A patient may look and feel fine seven or eight days after an operation; then suddenly he turns blue, gasps in agony, and dies within two minutes. Doctors call it "death from pulmonary embolism," but it might be translated, "death from not getting up." For those clots never have a good chance to grow large if the patient arises, removes the bed pressure, and stimulates the flow of blood.

At Chicago's Cook County Hospital, records were kept of 500 patients, half of them early risers, half late risers. Twelve of the late risers died, only one of the early risers.

DAMAGE TO THE INCISION—the thing feared most about early ambulation—is the thing to fear least. Dr. Bernhard Newburger, of the May Institute in Cincinnati, tested the strength of partly healed incisions in rats. Those forced to exercise on a treadmill right after their operations regained maximum tissue strength in their incisions in five days. Those kept motionless in tiny cages needed ten days to acquire the same resistance to rupture.

Quite as a free gift are two additional advantages of early ambulation. The patient, on the one hand, gets well so rapidly that he can leave the hospital much earlier. One large hospital tabulated the saved time and concluded that it averaged four days less in the hospital per patient, which means real savings in money.

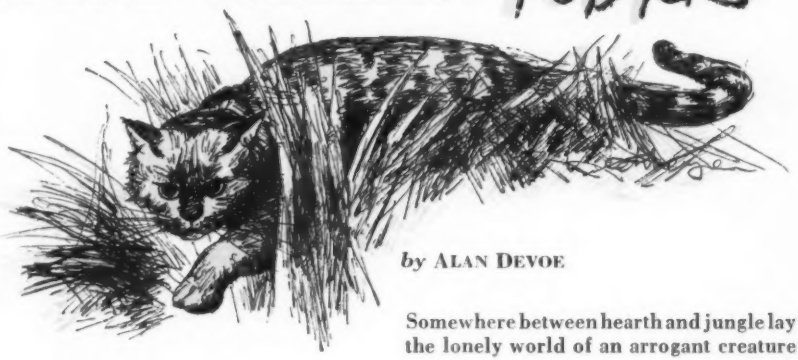
The hospital, on the other hand, is happy to get the patients out quickly because these days there are never enough beds. When early ambulation becomes a national habit, doctors estimate it will in effect add one-third to our existing hospital facilities.



Cutting a Rug Around the World (Answers to quiz on page 61)

1. Samba, Brazil; 2. Highland Fling, Scotland; 3. Tarantella, Italy; 4. Jig, Ireland; 5. Mazurka, Poland; 6. Bolero, Spain; 7. Lambeth Walk, England; 8. Rumba, Cuba; 9. Polka, Czechoslovakia; 10. Czardas, Hungary; 11. Hula, Hawaii; 12. Horra, Israel; 13. Tango, Argentina; 14. Waltz, Austria; 15. Drei Lederne Strümpf, Switzerland; 16. Alexandrovska, Russia; 17. La Cucaracha, Mexico; 18. Lindy, United States; 19. Gavotte, France; 20. Odori, Japan.

A CAT CALLED Tobias



by ALAN DEVOE

Somewhere between hearth and jungle lay the lonely world of an arrogant creature

IT WAS 2 A. M. when Tobias wakened me with his yowling. Tobias was a tiger tomcat which, despite the gloss of his fur and the neatness of his arrogant whiskers, belonged to no one. His home was wherever tamarack leaves might be patted into a bed, or wherever a deserted rabbit burrow could be scratched from beneath withered bushes.

Behind our farmhouse in upper New York State rises a little mountain, and in many a spot on it I have discovered the places of Tobias' day-sleeping hours. Once I found a deep curved depression under a cedar tree; another day I came upon signs that Tobias had been tenanting a woodchuck hole, and once, while making a clearing, I found his paw marks deep in a thorny tangle of wild blackberry.

Deserted and left homeless in kittenhood, this midnight stalker of mice had become as crafty as any lynx or panther, as audacious and mistrustful of mankind. Like any of his wild feline cousins, whose coats are of a yellower shade but whose spirits would find their duplicate in Tobias' own, he chose only the night hours to seek his prey.

Once or twice, walking over the hills in the dusk, I caught a glimpse of his long, lithe body, stretched concealingly in the tall grass. At such times I saw Tobias' yellow eyes turned upon me for a split second before he whisked noiselessly into the underbrush.

One evening at dusk, I surprised Tobias close to our rain barrel. As I stepped suddenly around the angle of the old stone wall, there was Tobias, not more than ten feet from me; I had never been so close to him before.

I could see the small black lynx tips at the points of his ears, and I marveled to see that he kept himself as satiny and immaculate as any house pet. He had a mouse in his

From *Phudd Hill*, by Alan Devoe. Published by Creative Age-Farrar, Straus and Young, Inc., 53 East 34th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

jaws, and for several seconds he crouched perfectly motionless, glaring at me and growling steadily in his throat. Then he turned and was gone. The ground was layered with the crackle-dry leaves of autumn, but he did not make a sound . . .

As I say, it was 2 A.M. when I woke with Tobias' yowling in my ears. During the winter and the spring, we have often heard him at night—especially during the winter, when his cries would seem particularly penetrating in the still, frosty air. But never before had he made sufficient noise to wake me from sound sleep.

I got out of bed and went over to the north window and looked out. There was bright moonlight, and I could see the white trunks of young birches gleaming where it touched them, and across the pasture I could see the glimmer of it in the brook. But I could not see Tobias. And then he cried out again and I followed the sound and saw him.

He was crouched beside the kitchen door, snuffing and sniffling at the sill and rasping the screen with his powerful claws. How like a tiger he looked—an old tiger that had grown overbold and craved the taste of a new meat. For it was plain that his keen nostrils had caught a strange scent—the scent of a caged canary on the other side of that kitchen door.

Tobias, I thought, be those curving claws of yours however sharp, they are no match for galvanized wire, and I went back to bed.

But it was not the smell of a bird that had brought Tobias. At breakfast time, when I opened the door and looked out into the misty sunlight and saw that Tobias was still lying there—his lithe, striped body stretched on the stone step, one keen claw still caught in the screen's mesh—I could guess the truth.

I could guess what extremity of pain had come to him in his lonely world among the tamaracks, and I could guess how, in the hour of his death, there had recurred in that furry skull of his some misty memory from a long time ago—some memory, perhaps, of gentle human fingers under his chin, some memory of a quiet bowl of milk beside a friendly kitchen door.



Subtle Psychology

A ST. LOUIS FIRM has installed a "worry room" in its offices. In this sanctuary, workers may work out problems away from the jangling phone and general office hubbub. The room contains comfortable chairs and a drawing board for engineers. Any employee may use it, the only rule being that of unbroken silence. The company's president considers the innovation a great success. He commented that feminine employees rarely used the room.

"Girls don't seem to have any worries," he said. —*Convoys*

Picture Story



What I Know About Girls

by LOUIS REDMOND

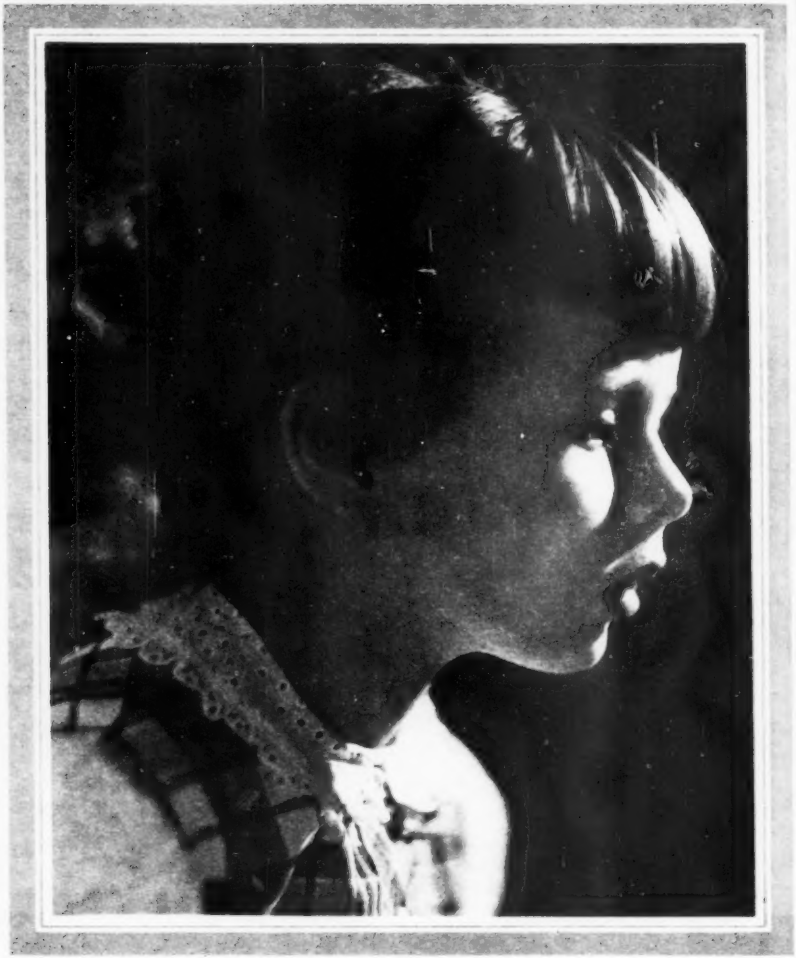
THIS IS A PICTURE of something called a Little Girl. Little Girls are a unique and fortunate occurrence in Nature, like diamonds or four-leaf clovers. Many creatures have young females, but only people have Little Girls. On the whole, this is as it should be. Only that odd race of beings which builds pyramids, composes symphonies, solves problems in algebra, and plans flights to the Moon can ever hope to understand, appreciate, and put up with Little Girls.



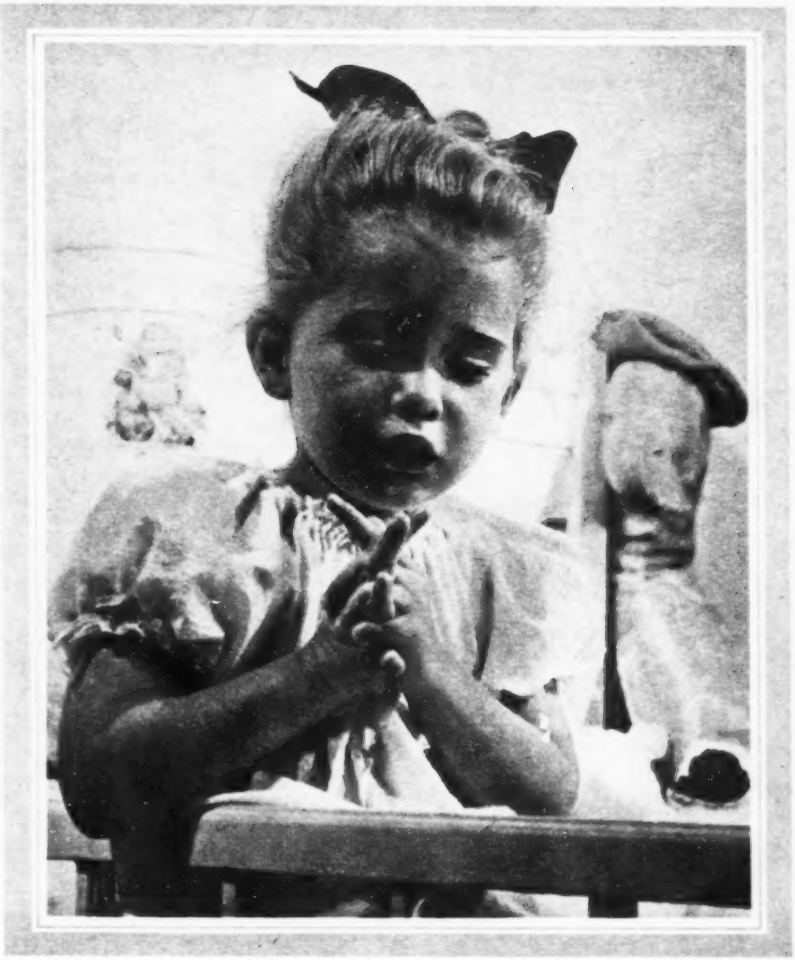
The personality of a Little Girl is divided into four parts. These are known as (1) Little Girl in Starched Dress, (2) Little Girl in Tee-Shirt and Dungarees, (3) Little Girl with Just-Washed Hair, and (4) Little Girl with Dirty Face. Each of these personalities fits her as if it were the only one. In later years men, who feel like impostors every time they change into new clothes, will marvel at the ease with which the Girl transforms herself from Perfect in Tennis Togs to Perfect in Evening Dress. They will never discover her secret.



Little Girls are the only things that can be in two places at one time. A boy, being earth-bound, must get off his bicycle before he can climb into a tree. But a Little Girl can fly with the robin to her nest while pedaling rapidly down the street. When boys become men, they try to conceal their envy of this faculty by inventing a virtuous name for the lack of it. This virtue they call Sticking to the Point. Secretly, however, they remain in awe of the way women so often hit the point without appearing to have thought about it at all.



Little Girls come in several sizes and
shapes. Occasionally they are found masquerading
as women of twenty-five, fifty or eighty,
and such women are likely to have a great
many poems written about them. Most often,
however, they occur between the ages of two and
ten. They may be identified by the fact that
they wear champagne bubbles in their eyes and
seem to have freshly arrived from a nicer world
than any which you or I have ever heard about.



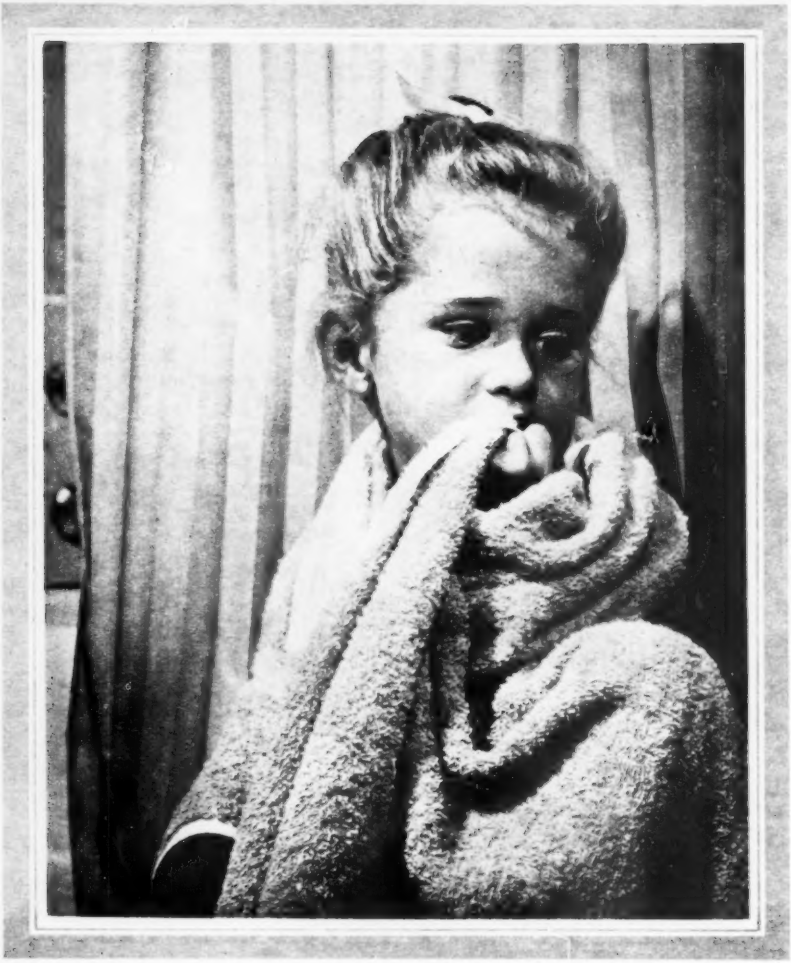
There is no faith like a Little Girl's faith.
She knows that God is quiet and calm and
large and interested and kind. Her requests
of Him are reasonable and modest. She rarely asks
for very much more than she thinks she
deserves. She knows of no reason why the world
should not be mostly good to a mostly good
Little Girl. Who can say she is wrong? Can
anyone doubt, watching the happiness of
Little Girls, that they get what they pray for?



The face of a Little Girl reading is like a
deep, quiet pool you find in the woods,
which receives in its stillness all the wonders
of the wide, clean sky. Cloud-people wander
there, and birds pass, and sunlight twinkles,
while the noisy real world stands at a respectful
distance. Why are there no grown-up
stories as wonderful as the stories a Little
Girl reads? Do not look for the reason in books,
but in the face of a Little Girl reading.



Real Little Girls spend a good deal of time
taking care of simulated little girls, or
Dolls. Dolls are terrible behavior problems
to their mommies. They never do as they are
told. They won't eat what's good for them.
They smear ice cream on their dresses. They demand
stories when they should be taking naps. They
chatter and chatter. Little Girls, who
do none of these things, cannot understand
where Dolls learn their trying ways.



Little Girls who have become tarnished through exposure to air can be restored by immersing them in a solution of soap and water. They appear to enjoy this treatment and will come out looking brand-new. They differ in this respect from boys, who are not fully washable, and will shrink in self-esteem if placed in water. Every Little Girl should be taught to understand, or at least to put up with, a boy's need for a protective coating of grime. Otherwise she may, in later life, commit such errors as burning her husband's bathrobe just as it is about to become broken in.



The inside of a Little Girl is filled to the brim with laughter, and it is quite hard for her to keep some from spilling out whenever she is tipped over ever so slightly. Little Girls laugh at almost anything that is not a Little Girl, such as boys, umbrellas, ice-cream pops that fall off the stick, and balls rolling down the street. But the most hilarious thing they ever see is a grownup. No matter how fair she tries to be, no Little Girl can understand why anybody should be so silly as to be a grownup when it is so easy to stop.



A Little Girl's emotions are as big as forever. Nobody is sadder than a sad Little Girl. When she cries, she cries all over, until every bit of sadness is used up. Then she is happy all over—and nobody is happier than a happy Little Girl. Maybe it is smart of Little Girls to let the tears run until they are all gone, and never let any old tears hang around to spread a mist over the next rising of the sun.



Little Girls can talk intelligently to
ducks, geese, puppies, rabbits, kittens, and
chipmunks. Many of them also get along
nicely with such taciturn types as snails,
worms, beetles, and toads. Just how
Little Girls and little animals manage
to understand each other's language is
not yet known to science. Maybe good
will between two living creatures is a
language all its own, needing no translation.



A Little Girl loses no time
in becoming a little woman. Early
in life she acquires the
mysterious faculty of looking
at her face and figure as if
they belonged to somebody else.
She tries on smiles frank
and quizzical, sidelong
glances, melting looks, and
keeps those which are becoming.



In time she gets that perfect
sense of her own presence
which makes her mere entrance
into a room a work of art.
It is probably through comparing
themselves with the perfection of
Little Girls that little boys
develop their sense of lumpish
unworthiness in the presence of the
female which never quite leaves them.



Every so often, Little Girls
break out in a fever of Useful
Activity. They appear without
warning in aprons and dust caps
and start washing dishes, tidying
up rooms, and sticking forks
into roasts. Their competence is
overwhelming. Like small beavers
gnawing down trees, they appear
to know without having learned.



A boy playing businessman is an
indifferent imitation of his father,
but a Little Girl playing house
is the real thing. All this is
encouraging for the future of the
species. It sometimes happens
that when a Little Girl has finished
her "chores," she begins to slide
down the banister. This, too, is
encouraging for the species.



But the main thing about Little Girls is that they are beautiful. No Little Girl can help being beautiful. She is beautiful because she is new and simple, because everything is ahead of her, because she is so ready to be pleased, because she does not try to hide the gentleness and wonder that are in her, because she trusts you, because she looks at you as if she thinks you are very nice, and because when she does, you are. A Little Girl is life's new try to make everything come out better. That is why it is Spring somewhere every time a Little Girl is born.

TERROR of the Deep



by VICTOR BERGE, as told to HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

At 20 fathoms, a pearl diver fought a deadly octopus; here is his exciting story!

AMONG ALL the strange undersea creatures which have interested me, the octopus holds first place. Speaking as a pearl diver—not as a seaman or a whaler or anything else—this is the most formidable monster of our working world. He is, without sensationalism, the Terror of the Deep.

While there is almost no danger from octopuses except near submarine caves, it happens, unfortunately, that pearl shell often grows around just such formations. Hence the chance for an unpleasant or fatal encounter.

As a young man, I had listened to plenty of awed tales, by natives and white men, of this monster of the water underworld. But at 19, without much experience on the pearl beds, my answer had always been "Rubbish!" Then I got my first lesson in this particular sea mystery.

We were coming down from northeast Borneo to Makassar Strait. This, in my opinion, is the meanest, ugliest, most Godforsaken coast in the world, a succession of dirty rivers and swamps and reefs and real "wild men of Borneo."

We were just above the equator, 40 miles north of Cape Mangkalihat, when we sighted a couple of little islands. Ro, our captain, found out from one of the crew that the nearest one was uninhabited, so we put in to get turtle—which means fresh meat to a rover of Eastern seas.

As is customary with every pearler, I was watching the sea floor while we moved over these shallows toward land. I noticed a number of patches here and there that began to interest me. "Gee!" said I. "It looks like shell here."

We grew excited: finding a new bed is an adventure that never fails to stir a pearler. Getting into my diving suit, I started to explore

From *Pearl Diver*, by Henry Wysham Lanier and Victor Berge. Copyright, 1930, by Henry Wysham Lanier, and published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

thoroughly, gliding up and down over these patches, drifting along behind the lugger, straining my eyes for the first glimpse of the big pearl oysters which had come to be my special game in submarine hunting.

The water was fairly deep, about 20 fathoms. To one side there was an open space between masses of coral: I fancied I could distinguish something lying down there, suspiciously like real shell. So I worked my way over the boulders into this flat well.

The object which had drawn me there seemed more than ever what I was seeking so keenly. I stooped down to pick it up. And at that moment I felt something touch me lightly on the left arm.

Instinct and underwater training saved my life. Swiftly I whirled about, grabbing the razor-sharp knife from my belt sheath, and slashed several times in the direction of this touch. By luck I severed two of the lassoing arms that were gripping me; in another instant the octopus would have had my arms pinioned. As I slashed and felt the blade cut through a mass of soft flesh, two more feelers laid hold of me, one around each ankle. I felt a vicious jerk at my legs which almost upset me.

No description in words could paint the horror of that moment. It was murky, but I could see a sort of shapeless mass and wavering, squirmy arms—even one severed stump—ahead by the rocks; and I knew only too well now that this was the thing which had produced those fearsome native tales I had pooh-poohed.

I had a swift picture of my companions above pulling up severed, dangling life line and air hose; of a human being that was myself, gripped close to the maw of this loathsome monster.

Meanwhile I was fighting automatically. Each time I would bend to cut my ankles free, the creature would jerk me so violently that I seemed to be a little boy pulled about at will by a strong man. One jerk dashed me against a rock and left me breathless. The force of the beast was terrific and produced a deathly sense of fear. Also, the cold intelligence with which he appeared to anticipate my actions and checkmate my every attempt, had a deep effect on nervous resistance.

It was life or death. My body and mind were working as if they had no relation to each other: one was straining, struggling, fighting against these shattering tugs, trying to cut, to stab, to free myself; the other, somewhere, was carefully weighing chances, considering the elements of the situation, attempting to decide whether I dared give the danger signal on my line.

That is the last thing a diver resorts to in an emergency—four tugs, meaning "Pull until the line breaks!" The emergency was there all right; but the trouble was, I feared my air pipe and life line might have become tangled in coral projections. Should they be fouled, such a strain from above might easily cut them off or leave me hopelessly jammed into some crevice.

ALL THIS TIME our strange duel was continuing. I was using all my strength to resist the creature's pulls, while striving to cut more of these living fetters which bound me. To add to my difficulties, my diving

weights, where I was getting hit, were swinging the wrong way: I had to keep my helmet above my body—otherwise the air there gets into the body and legs of the suit and a man is finished. The outlet valve had to be manipulated, and through all this struggle I must remain erect, righting myself after every jerk at my ankles.

And it was as if that devilish brain in that voracious pulpy creature understood all this perfectly: the instant my hand would stretch down with the big knife, he would give a terrific jerk, sometimes dragging me ten or fifteen feet, jamming the heavy helmet against my jaws and skull, bruising me against the rough, crusted rock wall. And all this in a pool now blackened and turbid with the ink the beast had squirted out.

Several times, when I got a glimpse of that disgusting mass of arms and squirming legs, and especially those diabolical eyes, I stretched up to give the danger signal. Instantly the octopus yanked me a dozen feet, and I had all I could do just not to topple over.

The thought flashed through my mind: "This is exactly like Hell!" For the sea was a foul, unnatural, dirty black, and this unbelievable thing had me in its grip, bent on devouring me.

Apparently what I have been telling must have occupied ten minutes. At the time it was an eternity. I began to realize I could not last much longer. The first severe knock with the helmet had bruised and dizzied me; the subsequent rough handling and battering against the coral had worn my strength. It no longer seemed a desperate measure to take a chance on the air hose being clear.

All at once I knew I was going. Just before the wave of fear-freighted unconsciousness swept over me, I threw up my arms, caught both lines, gave four frantic pulls. There was an instant when I had the sensation of being pulled in two, lengthways. Then I knew nothing.

UP ABOVE, RO had been tending me from the lugger's deck. He could see nothing down there, but his experience told him something was wrong. Suddenly my four jerks spelled extreme peril.

Ro pulled. Nothing budged. He shouted to a man at the pumps. This fellow ran across the heaving deck and lay to behind him. Still no give. In a frenzy, he brought a third man. He was in a quandary now: the life line is a light affair and would hardly stand the full effort of three good men.

The situation seemed desperate; all their strength could not stir whatever was holding me below.

It was then that Ro's quick thinking saved me from a horrible death. The boat was rising and falling on the swell. He leaped back, took several turns around a stanchion, ordered the two men to strain till my life line and air hose were taut, just as the lugger was at the bottom of one of these surges. The ocean swell picked her up, and the full force of the lift came on my two tight lines.

I fancy my captor must have been caught momentarily off balance, or perhaps while shifting those two anchoring arms by which he had been fastened to a solid support and was able to shake me as a terrier shakes a rat. Anyhow, I shot

suddenly up to within ten or fifteen feet of the surface. At this moment I regained consciousness with a jerk. I knew I must be near the top, from the light above. Looking down, I could see the sea demon's suckered arms were still fast about my ankles; the loathsome mass of his body was suspended below.

There was nothing I could do. Impossible to stretch down and free my legs with that pull on them and the lines pulling up. Ro yelled at the men to pull hard. Deftly he got a stouter line about my body. Two more men caught this and hauled me upward.

Ro slipped into the water, his big knife ready. In two sure slashes he had cut off those horrible arms. The two men hauled me to the surface, more dead than alive, with the pieces of suckered feelers still coiled about my legs.

Someone poured brandy down my throat. The fiery stuff brought me somewhat to my senses. I opened my eyes and looked about.

There they were, my three chums, standing about in the bright sunlight with anxious faces. But they and the familiar lugger and all those things I knew so intimately looked strange. It must be that if a dead man could come back to life, he would feel as I did then.

First I laughed, and then I cried —hysterically, just like a nervous woman. What with their fright and the sight of that beast, my companions were in bad shape themselves. They needed a drink and then another. And we did not do much work for the next three days.

A good resolve: to make money in '52

WHETHER OR NOT you have put your New Year budget on paper, your experience these past few months has surely taught you at least one thing: it will cost you more to live in 1952!

More than 10,000 men and women, aware of this squeeze on their budgets, started their *own* magazine-subscription business and now are making up to $5 an hour in their leisure time.

Profit from their wisdom. By writing to us today, you can become a Coronet Community Representative, authorized to offer the lowest money-saving rates for all the popular magazines that your friends and neighbors read all the time!

With so many magazines enjoying record popularity, this is the time to establish your own profitable subscription business. Send today for your Coronet Sales Kit and receive a complete supply of *tested* selling aids.

Plan to make extra money in 1952! Write for your Coronet Sales Kit (enclosing 25 cents to cover cost of handling). Address:

CORONET SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY
DEPT. 248, CORONET BUILDING
CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

Just for Sport

THERE ARE just three easy steps to skiing. Learning how to put on your skis, learning how to go down the high slide, and learning how to walk again.

—MILTON BERLE

A CERTAIN FAIR held annually Down East is noted not only for the quality of livestock exhibited, but also for the humorous features which usually highlight each evening's presentation of the Horse Show. On the closing evening of a recent one, the spectators "sat up and took notice" when, after a class of jumpers had left the ring, the Chairman asked the dignified elderly gentleman who had been judging the horses if he would judge a class of young fillies, not listed to appear that evening, and which, although not broken to harness, would halter-lead satisfactorily.

The judge courteously consented to do the honors, and at the call of the bugle the gates opened and eight glamorous young ladies entered the ring, led by the halters of their very brief bathing suits.

The crowd roared with laughter, but the judge gave no evidence of surprise. In all seriousness he scanned the contestants carefully as they were trotted around the ring, then he gave them the signal to line up. After inspecting each one closely, he turned to the Chairman and said, "This is the first time in my experience as a judge of livestock that a class has been brought into the ring while blanketed. If the attendants will now remove the blankets I will complete my work." This time, the laugh was not on the judge.

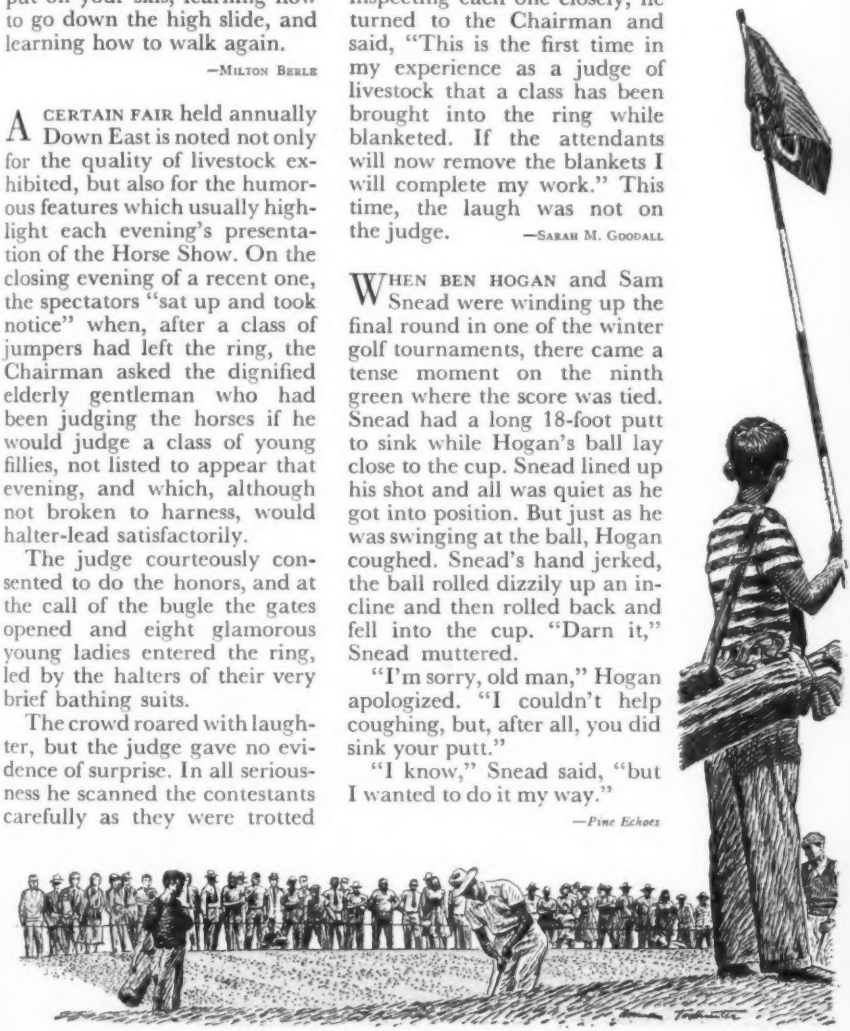
—SARAH M. GOODALL

WHEN BEN HOGAN and Sam Snead were winding up the final round in one of the winter golf tournaments, there came a tense moment on the ninth green where the score was tied. Snead had a long 18-foot putt to sink while Hogan's ball lay close to the cup. Snead lined up his shot and all was quiet as he got into position. But just as he was swinging at the ball, Hogan coughed. Snead's hand jerked, the ball rolled dizzily up an incline and then rolled back and fell into the cup. "Darn it," Snead muttered.

"I'm sorry, old man," Hogan apologized. "I couldn't help coughing, but, after all, you did sink your putt."

"I know," Snead said, "but I wanted to do it my way."

—*Pine Echoes*



Our Hilarious Heroes

by COMMDR. WILLIAM J. LEDERER, USN

Cocky, tough, and unpredictable, they're professional soldiers—and proud of it!



EVERYONE ASKS, "How the heck do the Marines get that way? What is it that makes them such good troops?"

I tried to find the answer in military textbooks. No luck there. So I went into the field and started asking around.

When the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade was getting ready to embark for Korea, I put the question bluntly to a group of them in front of a recruiting station. "Hey, how come you guys've got such a good reputation?"

The veterans in the crowd didn't answer. But a beardless kid without any ribbons spoke up. "Mister," he said crisply, "we're respected because we're professionals."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll show you," he said, leading me inside.

On the Army bulletin board hung a clipping from a recent mag-

"THEM U.S. MARINES!"

azine, "Join the New U. S. Army and Be Treated Like a Gentleman."

"So?" I asked. "What's that got to do with the Marines?"

The kid winked and dragged me to the Navy section. Here a poster showed a destroyer cutting the waves. It said: "Join the Navy and See the World."

Next he took me to an Air Force recruiting ad. A handsome aviator with gleaming medals smiled from the wall. The caption said something about joining the Air Force for a career and promotion.

"Now," said the young Marine, "look at our poster."

At the Marine office there hung no printed matter at all. But there was a crudely painted picture of a red, hairy, doubled-up fist. Under it were splattered these words: "You're not good enough to be a Marine!"

"See?" said the fuzzy-faced private. "We don't fool around with mama's boys or kids who need their noses wiped or guys looking for a home or a cheap vacation. The Marines are professional fighters. If the recruit can't 'take it and dish it out,' he isn't going to make the grade."



I've heard this talk of "being pros" on posts all over the world. And the longer a Marine stays in service, the more firmly he seems to believe that either you're a professional fighter or a dead one. There's no place for amateurs.

After World War II, the Marines came into the debate about how Germany should be occupied. Duty in a conquered country offers many temptations to troops; the unsettled conditions often taint men and make them soft.

John McCloy suggested to Congressman Vinson that it might be a good idea to expand the Marines and have them act as occupation troops. Vinson, in turn, sent for General Vandegrift, then commandant of the Marine Corps.

"Well, General," said Congressman Vinson, explaining the proposition, "how would the Corps like to be expanded to 750,000 men?"

"Sir," replied the General, "that's impossible."

"Oh, I believe Congress would enact the legislation."

"But, sir," said General Vandegrift, "that has nothing to do with it. There aren't 750,000 men in the

United States who are good enough to be Marines!"

The Marines don't advertise how unique is their breed, or how tough and well-trained they are. Still, they have an uncanny way of demonstrating it to anyone who may have doubts.

In Korea, some British Commandos, who aren't exactly sissies, joined up with the Marines. There had been a lot of talk about which group was the most rugged.

One night, two Commandos and two Marines were isolated in a foxhole forward of the main lines. At dawn one Commando said: "We're surrounded by a couple of hundred enemy in the hills. Are you blokes ready to attack?"

The other Commando replied, "I'm ready, matey, but what about these Yankee Marines? Think they can keep up the pace?"

One of the Marines stuck his head out of the foxhole to look around. An enemy bullet at the end of its trajectory landed in his mouth, knocking out two teeth.

"Blimey!" said a Commando, "you caught it with your teeth!"

The Marine casually removed the bullet from his mouth. "I don't make a practice of it," he said, "but it's a quick way of estimating range. The gooks are about 500 yards off. Let's wait till they get closer before attacking. Then we can use bayonets."

The other Marine looked disgusted. "You clumsy dope," he growled, "if you'd rolled with it like they taught us at Parris Island, you wouldn't have lost those teeth."

When I was in Pusan, I asked a Marine major, "Why are the Marines so good?"

"We get along okay," he replied, "because we've got discipline."

"What do you mean, discipline?"

"Well," he said, "there's the apocryphal story of the Marine lieutenant who operates a rest camp. A company of battle-weary Marines came down from up north for a couple of days of relaxing.

"That night, about 2 A.M., it was cold, and the lieutenant sat in his jeep smoking and just keeping his eyes on things. Suddenly he was startled by a woman's scream. A girl with no clothes on ran from one of the houses with a Marine in pursuit. He wasn't in full uniform.

"The girl raced past the jeep. The Marine was gaining on her, but when he reached the lieutenant's jeep, he stopped and saluted.

"That," said the major, "is discipline."

When I stopped laughing, I said, "What did the lieutenant do?"

"Do?" said the Major, surprised. "I don't know. But my guess is he did what any self-respecting officer would do. He returned the salute and said, 'Hey, Marine, that babe's got a head start on you. You better take the jeep!' "

IN SPITE OF their hilarious antics, the Marines sometimes try to give the impression of being a mousy little outfit, devoid of color and famous "characters."

One of their greats was Gunnery Sergeant Dan Daly. As an enlisted man he won two Medals of Honor, the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Service Cross, and three French decorations. And all these while he was still alive!

Daly was the firebrand who led his platoon into a hazardous posi-

tion in Belleau Wood, shouting, "C'mon, you SOBs! Do you want to live forever!"

This battle cry became known all over the world, and when Daly arrived in Paris the press besieged him with interviews. "How," asked a reporter, "did you think up your wonderful command?"

"What command?" said Daly.

"C'mon, you SOBs! Do you want to live forever!"

Daly's face lighted with what is known as baby-faced disdain. Then very earnestly he said: "Do you think that a Marine noncommissioned officer would use such bad language to the men under him? What I really said was, 'For goodness sake, you chaps, let us advance against the foe!' "

Being an organization of individualists, the Marines have an internal loyalty unknown to other normal units. But loyalty is something they never discuss. In fact, Marines speak of other Marines in terms of cynical contempt.

I heard two sergeants discussing a colonel who was on the staff of the Secretary of the Navy.

"Him?" said one of the sergeants upon hearing the colonel's name. "I know that slopehead."

"Yeh?"

"We were at Peleliu together."

"What'd he do?"

"Oh, the joker got the idea that a wounded guy laying in front of a Nip cave should be rescued. And the dumb buzzard felt that he was the only guy in the outfit to do the job. They just don't come any stupider than the colonel."

"What happened?"

"The knucklehead runs out to rescue the wounded guy. About every Jap in the island was shooting at him. But he made it by luck. After dark he dragged me back."

"It was *you* he rescued?"

"Yeh, the dumb cluck!"

The one thing all Marines accept is that their only function is to fight for the United States and the Marine Corps. Even the lady Marines catch the spirit. (Don't mention "lady Marine" to their face. "Don't call *me* that," one told me. "I'm just a plain ornery Marine!")

After the normal indoctrination, a group of Marines (female) were sent out to watch combat troops in maneuvers. After this, one of the Leathernecks (female) was handed a flame thrower. She strapped it on and let loose an arc of flame. Then she said, "Isn't there any place on this gadget to fix a bayonet?"

MARINE OFFICERS generally are regarded as guys who have had more experience and know more soldiering than enlisted men. As of this day, 87.5 per cent of the officers on active duty in the Corps have served as enlisted men.

The Marine brass doesn't go in for quickie inspections of the front lines—with a photographer along for home consumption. They're up there all the time, with the combat troops. For instance, way back in 1836, when the Marines were ordered to active duty along the Florida-Georgia border, the commandant, Colonel Henderson, went out to take personal charge of his troops. Before he left he tacked a sign on the door of his Washington office: "*Gone to Florida to fight the Indians. Will be back when the war is over.*"

When Congressmen Hugh Scott and Henry Latham went with the

Marines at the Naktong Bulge front, they found the commanding officer, Brig. Gen. Edward A. Craig, sleeping on the ground and eating exactly the same food as his men.

"Have you a headquarters with a bunk and mess table and orderlies?" asked the congressmen.

General Craig said: "When the rest of the Marine troops get bunks and tables, then we'll think about giving them to the officers too."

When I visited the Marines at Quantico, I saw a magnificent red-brick building and wondered what it was It was lush, with beautiful hardwood floors, lovely murals, a fine band and bar. Marines sat about drinking beer with some of the best-looking and best-dressed girls I had seen for some time.

I thought, "What are enlisted men doing in the Officers' Club?"

A Leatherneck approached me. "I beg your pardon, sir, this club is for privates and noncoms only."

"Hey!" I said, "I just heard that funds for enlisted recreational projects were being reduced. How did you Marines wangle Congress out of the appropriations for this club? It must have cost $200,000."

"Wangle Congress out of it, my foot!" he said. "We raised the money and built it ourselves."

I asked: "Is it legal to build private buildings of this nature on government reservations?"

He replied: "In the Marine Corps, anything which improves the fighting qualities and morale of the Corps is legitimate."

A FIGHTING MAN must use extreme initiative to get along. If the idea appears too radical you test it by (1) Will it help win battles? (2) Will it help the Corps' morale and efficiency?

The story goes that in Korea a company of Marines was temporarily assigned to the Army Quartermaster Corps. The Leathernecks were griping because they didn't like Army food and they didn't like the idea of carrying stores. They wanted to go to the front.

One day a carton they were carrying broke open. Onto the ground spilled certain pieces of clothing equipment assigned to a Philippine Army general.

The Leathernecks had an idea. They debated whether or not it would help win battles or improve Marine morale and efficiency. They decided that it would come under the latter. They dressed one of their South Korean helpers in the uniform of a Philippine Army general and named him General Gonzales.

Taking him over to the Army Quartermaster depot, the Marines told the Army that the Filippino general, who came from Zamboanga and spoke Chabacano, was observing the Marines, and that he desired a jeep of his own and a flag officer's mess.

The Marines enjoyed their "general's" food for about a week. Then a note came from the Army. "Lieutenant General ————, USA, will visit here in a couple of days. He has spent many years in Zamboanga and speaks Chabacano. He would enjoy very much having lunch with General Gonzales."

General Gonzales suddenly decided it was time to observe the Marines at the front.

Because of their continued success in battle and out, the Leathernecks have developed a self-confi-

dence which sometimes is offensive to other units of the service.

A social-relations professor, trying an experiment in morale for the Navy, asked permission to interview some Marines. His first contact was a rifleman who had just come off watch as a sentry.

"I'd like to ask you a question," said the professor, "about Marine officers."

"Be happy to help you, sir."

"Suppose a Marine officer gave you an order, and then left the immediate area. Later, the officer realized he had made a mistake. He had given you a wrong order. What would most Marine officers do in such a case? Would they say nothing and let you carry out a wrong order—or would they come back and admit to an enlisted man that they had made a mistake?"

"Sir," replied the private, "what you asked me is what we call a hypothetical question."

"How so?" said the professor, whipping out his notebook.

"Well, sir, no Marine officer ever makes a mistake!"

Which is like the time an Army three-star general was making a courtesy inspection of a Marine artillery battery in Korea. Inspecting down the ranks, he found a USMC private who was a shell passer.

"Private," the general said, "suppose you were in a cold climate and the hydraulic-recoil mechanism on your howitzer froze. How would you fire the piece?"

"Why, General, sir, a Marine would never let his equipment freeze. That's impossible."

"But suppose you were way north and it *did* freeze. How would you then fire your weapon?"

"General," said the private, shaking his head, "you just don't understand Marines. That mechanism wouldn't dare freeze! Unless all of us was dead first."

During the breakout from the freezing Changjin Reservoir area in Korea, the Marines were in a mountainous terrain totally devoid of airstrips. They knew that if the badly wounded didn't get air evacuation, they might not get out at all. Military experts were pessimistic. They perhaps didn't recognize that all Marine aviators, enlisted and officers alike, in tactical units must qualify in carrier-deck landings.

The Leathernecks found a small piece of stony ground about the size of a couple of tennis courts. "If we can land on a flattop, we can land on that," they decided.

A carrier flight-officer got down there with his flags and wigwagged the Marine planes to their landings. As many as ten wounded men were crammed in a torpedo bomber. The plane's wings were held until the props had revved up, and then released for high-speed take-off—carrying the wounded to safety.

A newspaperman said that it was a heroic performance.

"Nuts!" said a Marine. "It was routine. The only guy who really was on the ball was O'Malley. He flew in eight five-gallon gasoline cans in the back of his plane."

"You needed gas on the march?"

"And how! That was the best drinking gasoline we ever tasted."

A TENET of the Leathernecks is that they are prepared for any emergencies and must always practice for them.

During the peacetime years, there

was a Marine general who had put on too much weight. So he took up riding. He would drive his car from his quarters to the stables which were outside the post. There he changed to riding clothes, got on the horse, and cantered back to his quarters. After a drink he rode back to the stables, showered, and then came home by auto.

One afternoon as he rode into the post, a Marine private, with his carbine set at the ready position, stepped out from behind a hedge.

"Dismount, advance, and be recognized!" he ordered.

The general smiled. "I'm General ————."

The sentry cocked his rifle. "Dismount, advance, and be recognized!" he repeated.

The general stopped smiling and dismounted.

"Show your identification card!" said the sentry.

The general didn't have it. It was back at the stables.

"Then you can't enter here!"

The general didn't argue; he mounted his horse and returned to the stable. Picking up his card, he rode back to the same entrance. Once more the sentry stepped from behind the bush.

"Dismount, advance, and be recognized!"

Again the general dismounted, advanced, respectfully displayed his identification card.

"Proceed in, sir."

The general entered the post. Then he reined in the horse.

"Sentry."

"Yes, sir."

"This is peacetime. Who gave you orders to challenge everyone coming through this gate?"

"No one, sir. I was just practicing. My sergeant says that's the only way to become a professional."

That word professional comes up all the time. The Leathernecks operate like a ball club—doing everything neatly and taking advantage of all breaks.

A Corps news release tells of a company of Marines which had lost its light machine gun to the Korean Reds in a night raid.

"Let's get it back," a squad leader told his men. They moved out with the sergeant, away from the defense perimeter, soon sighted 25 Reds lugging the weapon along.

"I'll throw a grenade," volunteered one rifleman.

"No, you might damage the gun!" replied the sergeant. "Pick 'em off with your rifles."

Wherever you see Marines, you see professionals taking care of themselves. Another story about them goes like this:

An isolated company was surrounded by Reds in the mountains close to Koto-Ri. Marine planes dropped them supplies. One of the drops, containing most of the food for the company, was caught in an air current just as the parachutes opened, and the drop crew could do nothing but gaze sorrowfully back as the packets dropped into communist-held territory

Next day the drop crew met one of the riflemen who had broken through. "Jees, we were sorry to see that food drop go over into the Red lines," the sergeant apologized to the grizzled front-line veteran who was all of 23 years. "I suppose you went hungry last night."

"We did like hell! The company commander broke us out of our

holes and made us capture that sector so we could get the chow back . . . We all ate!"

That's the way the Leathernecks operate. You can't explain them. But from the Marine concoction of self-ridicule, horseplay, pride, and fierce training comes the old Marine magic. It has a unique glow to it, a quality which is lyrical and intangible. The Leathernecks call it *esprit de corps*.

Marines somehow usually manage to win. When the Panama Canal was opened, the ships of the U. S. Fleet were lined up to be the first vessels to steam through the world's newest wonder.

As the fleet entered the channel, it was learned that two Marines had started earlier that day and already had paddled the length of the canal in a dugout.

Although the Leathernecks won't breathe a word about it in public, they give the impression that *in performance* a Marine rifleman is the most effective military man alive—fully equal to a Navy lieutenant, an Army major, or an Air Force colonel. In other words, the Marine rifleman is somewhat like a king. It is he who gets the honors and the privileges. The officers feel the same way about it. Col. Sam Moore, a Marine aviator, described himself as "a rifleman who at present is flying a plane."

The old Marine witchery has been boiling for almost 200 years of United States history. The Marines accept it as normal procedure. It's like the sergeant who won a Medal of Honor in the Pacific for singlehandedly holding back a Japanese attack all night.

"Hell's fire!" he said, "if I had been on the ball and hadn't lost my pistol in the lagoon, I'd have brought back the whole damn company of them Japs as prisoners.

"The colonel must be crazy recommending me for a Medal of Honor. The dumb knucklehead should have court-martialed me for losing my equipment!"



A SMALL POST OFFICE in the Canadian wilds returned a letter with this pertinent notation:

"Addressee died a year ago. Left no forwarding address."

—SUZANNE DENIM

SHORTLY AFTER her marriage, a young Connecticut matron reported receiving the following from the store which had provided her bridal outfit: "We hope to have the pleasure of serving you again in the near future." —ISABELLA BARB

A NEW ENGLAND physician received this postal card:

"Dear Doc—When you are up this way again, will you stop in at our place and vaccinate the little boy you gave birth to last month?"

—MRS. H. E. CHRISMAN (In BOSTON *Post*)

A KENTUCKIAN recently received a terse letter from an uncle announcing his wedding. It read:

"Bessie and I were married last week. Will try to do better next time." —JOE CREASON

Golden Corn: the Wonder Plant



by NORMAN CARLISLE

Science is using our No. 1 crop for everything from rubber to lifesaving drugs

DOCTORS DESPERATELY in need of a way to save victims of shock and serious injury discovered a lifesaver when they turned to a commonplace food—corn. Engineers searching for a magic ingredient that would enable them to produce super-rubber tires found it—in corn. Other engineers discovered in a bushel of corncobs the basic material for forty pairs of nylon hose.

To chemists, this is just a nice start in corn legerdemain. In the future you may find yourself living in a corn-insulated, corn-painted house, wearing a corn-fabric suit, and driving a car powered by corn fuel. For corn, far from being only those golden kernels you eat, has become a chemical wonder-worker that is finding hundreds of uses in industry, medicine, and our everyday lives.

Christopher Columbus didn't know it, but when two of his men turned up with a curious sort of grain he had never seen before, he was looking at something vastly more valuable than all the riches of the Orient. In the intervening centuries, corn, thus first introduced to Europeans, has become increasingly important all over the world.

Currently, it is America's No. 1 crop. It seems to grow any place: from steaming tropical forests to subarctic regions, at sea level or at 12,000 feet above. Oddly enough, this adaptable plant is never found growing wild.

Just when corn first appeared on the earth, botanists don't know. Not a grain has been found in Egyptian pyramids or Babylonian ruins. Yet when Cortez arrived in Mexico he found huge fields of corn, for Indians in many parts of North and

South America had been growing it for centuries.

A big part—nearly 70 per cent—of a kernel of corn is made up of the versatile substance, starch. From the 120,000,000 bushels of corn used for starch production each year, industry extracts a host of products. Textile mills use about 250,000,000 pounds of starch in the weaving and finishing of fabrics. The paper industry uses even more. Chemical industries draw heavily on it for paint, varnish, insecticides, and even dynamite.

It was a starch product, dextrose, that doctors learned could be injected intravenously to overcome the effects of shock following severe injuries or major operations, and it was this same stuff that made possible the new revolution in rubber.

Perhaps you have had the experience of a Cleveland man who drove to his tire dealer's and announced: "I can't understand it. Look at these tires. Three of 'em worn out, but after 40,000 miles that fourth still has lots of wear."

Without knowing it, this motorist, along with a few thousand other unsuspecting Americans, had been testing the amazing stuff called "cold rubber."

The story of this product began during the war when our sources of rubber were cut off. Scientists and engineers, using the magic of chemistry, came up with GR-S (Government rubber—styrene type). It wasn't the best synthetic rubber, but it could be made quickly.

When the war ended, they had a giant $700,000,000 industry, making a synthetic that could not compete with natural rubber. Was that investment to be thrown away?

Early in their search for wartime rubber, scientists had found that if they mixed the ingredients at a temperature near freezing, they got a wonderful kind of synthetic product. There was a catch, however, to this discovery. The "cold" method made better rubber, but it took days to complete the process. Research to speed the process was started, but the demands of war slowed development.

After the war, researchers again tackled the problem. They tried hundreds of compounds, and finally emerged with several that almost did the job. One of these they found in dextrose, derived from corn.

When it was added to the other substances, and dropped into pressure vessels of raw materials, the rubber formed in just 12 hours! At last, cold rubber was a reality. As a starter, the cold-rubber projects of the major companies will call for great quantities of dextrose a year.

USEFUL AS THE KERNEL of corn may be, it by no means exhausts the possibilities of this wonder plant.

"These things ought to be good for something," muttered a young Iowan, Carl Miner, as he climbed aboard another wagonload of corncobs to be burned as fuel.

Years later, after he had set up in business as a chemical consultant, Miner was called in by a maker of breakfast foods. Piling up around the company's factories were giant heaps of oat hulls. Would he undertake to find a use for them? Locked in the oat hulls was furfural, a liquid that smells like almonds. But no one had ever found an easy method to free it. After exhaustive study,

Miner reported that he had found a practical method of extracting the furfural. Promptly the liquid began to serve several uses in industry, and was an important ingredient in the production of plastics and in oil-refining processes.

This brought Miner back to his first interest, corncobs. Soon he realized that the substance in oat hulls which produces furfural is even more plentiful in corncobs. Then new magic was discovered in furfural: it could be turned into nylon. Carl Miner, known as the "Father of Furfural," has seen his dream more than realized.

In a world where penicillin is commonplace, it is hard to realize that, just a few years ago, doctors had to watch patients die for want of this precious drug. That had been the bitter experience of Howard Florey himself, leader of the immortal Oxford researchers in England, who first proved that penicillin could save human lives.

As demands for the drug poured in, Florey and his assistant, Norman Heatley, turned up at the office of Dr. Robert Coghill, in the U. S. Department of Agriculture's huge laboratory in Peoria, Illinois, to tell the story of their two-year struggle to make the miracle mold grow more rapidly.

As he listened, Coghill whistled. "It's a big order," he said, "but we'll tackle it!"

Coghill threw all the resources of the laboratory into the search. They needed two things—a better strain of penicillin mold, and some way to feed the stuff to make it grow faster.

For the first, they tried everything, patiently scraping molds off old bread, old pieces of wood, even the soil. The U. S. Air Force sent samples of soil from every airfield in the world. Months passed, America went to war, and the demand for penicillin was enormous. Yet here were these men in Peoria still hunting vainly for their super-mold. Then one day in 1943 they found it —growing on a cantaloupe.

Still there was the problem of what to feed the mold. Coghill and his men tried all sorts of weird combinations of chemicals. Tired and worried, researcher Andrew Moyer one day had a crazy idea. Quite casually he dumped some corn-steep liquor in with the other chemicals. Steep is the liquid that is left after corn is soaked in water in starch-making.

Moyer expected nothing while he watched the green mold grow in that mixture. It looked like any of the other molds which he sent to the lab to test germ-killing properties.

The test itself was simple. A sample of the mold-containing broth was allowed to seep out of a glass cylinder onto a culture plate of clear gel swarming with germs. After a time, the germs grew and produced a cloudy film. But right near the cylinder, the gel remained clear. This was the area in which penicillin had killed the germs causing the cloudiness on the rest of the gel.

When he examined the various plates some 12 hours later, Moyer got a shock. The clear area was more than twice as large as any of the others!

Investigation proved that, grown in corn steepwater, the mold produced ten times as much penicillin as in any other mixture. A by-product of corn had performed the seemingly impossible. Later, when

Selman Waksman developed streptomycin, he discovered that it, too, grew swiftly on a steepwater diet.

Already playing a major role in providing us with food, corn may become even more important in the future. One of the most serious charges leveled against it has been that its lack of niacin caused pellagra among people who depended largely on it for their diet. The scientists have an answer to that: they will combat this ailment with the very food blamed for it.

Dr. Frederick Richey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and Dr. Ray F. Dawson of Columbia University have discovered that there is a great variation in the niacin content of corn. Some strains have less than 14 parts of niacin to the million, others 53 parts—more than enough to supply the deficiencies in the diets of millions of people. Could they develop a strain that would keep this high niacin content, generation after generation?

After years of work, the scientists were able to announce recently that they had developed a corn with a niacin count of 40 parts. Given time, they thought they could get one with 50 or more. Coupled with modern knowledge of nutrition, wide-scale planting of their corn could help wipe out pellagra.

Locked in that wondrous kernel of corn is another food miracle that might solve a pressing food problem—the need for more proteins. Corn is about the last place you would look for proteins, for it has always rated as a high-calorie food, rich in carbohydrates. Yet scientists have found in corn a rich source of protein that we now feed to animals.

In the center of the kernel is a small yellow nugget called the corn germ. Scientists like Dr. H. H. Mitchell at the University of Illinois explored this germ and made some startling discoveries. When they extracted the oil, they got a white powder high in protein.

After elaborate tests, Mitchell and his associates reported the "biological ratings" for a long list of protein substances. Milk topped the list, with 90; rich beefsteak, 77; and corn germ, 78! Now several companies are seeking ways to market this new source of protein.

These corn proteins are useful for other things than food. There is one called zein that is capable of all sorts of wizardry. From it, scientists have created a remarkable new textile called Vicara. It has the warmth of wool, yet is easily washable and naturally moth- and mildew-resistant. The chances are you will be wearing it soon—along with other products derived from one of nature's most versatile plants.

Hard Lesson



PASSING THROUGH the garment factory at Marquette Prison one morning, a chaplain noticed a prisoner sitting cross-legged, sewing a burlap covering on a bale of overalls.

"Good morning," he said. "Sewing, eh?"

"No, Chaplain," replied the prisoner with a grim smile. "Reaping."

—DORIS KURTZ

A Women's Army

America is indebted to a gigantic federation of clubwomen for many of our major social reforms

by CAROL HUGHES

WHEN JENNIE JUNE CROLY became the intellectual rebel of her day, back in the 1860s, she really started something. Jennie, a daring young woman with a social complex, was annoyed with life in general. She was not allowed to vote; she could not be seen in music halls; if unescorted, she was denied admission to restaurants.

Jennie decided to do something about it. She began to organize. And her little "Sorosis Club" of a few scattered women in the 1860s has swollen in 1950 to the gigantic General Federation of Women's Clubs, with 11,000,000 women affiliated in some way with national headquarters.

Almost inconceivable in this streamlined century, when women enjoy equality with men in practically every phase of economic and political life, was the ridicule heaped upon Jennie Croly and her loyal pioneers for founding anything so "unwomanly" as a women's club. But the world's disinterest in Jennie's organization only served as a spur to that lady. Today, from Samoa to Shantung, from Maine to Geneva, women are bending closer together, seeking a better solution to human problems.

In the U. S. alone, there are clubs and organizations representing a membership of 5,407,000 affiliated with the GFWC, while outside the U.S. there are 116 clubs with a membership of 5,530,000. Through their "Little Marshall Plan," Federation women have corresponded regularly with the people of other countries in thousands of letters; they have spent $629,478 to fulfill specific needs for people abroad.

The president of GFWC visits almost every country in the world to look for definite needs not covered by the larger Marshall Plan.



11,000,000 Strong

In the past three years, the organization has spent $626,369 in scholarships, including $64,376 for international grants to students from 32 nations, in order to cement better relations. All in all, the Federation nowadays has one of the broadest programs in its history.

While there is very little in the national or international field with which the Federation does not concern itself, it still is not a formidable organization that strikes terror to the hearts of congressmen when it takes up some controversial issue. Nevertheless, when it really gets angry, the individual groups can bring in 500,000 protests without too much effort.

One example is the "equal rights" bill, over which the Federation shook the rafters on Capitol Hill. The fact that the GFWC's president and legislative chairman are registered with Congress as lobbyists may mean in the future that there will be even more pressure to send chills up House and Senate spines.

In the not-too-dim past, the Federation concerned itself mainly with the nation as a whole. And though few people realize just how long is the list or how valuable the reforms for which the GFWC has valiantly worked, many great social and humane victories which we now take for granted are to a great degree the results of their quiet determination.

For example, in the field of education there is compulsory schooling to the age of 14. Kindergartens, manual training, and domestic science, regarded as fads in the early nineties by school boards, were in instance after instance financed by women's clubs. Adult education and traveling libraries elevated the whole U. S. educational structure.

Almost forgotten in this era of powerful labor unions is the fact that, in the field of public welfare, the Federation helped to achieve the eight-hour working day. It was their fight that stopped the exploitation of women and children in industry. The Federation played a major role in the establishment of the Children's Bureau in 1912, and the Women-in-Industry Service in 1918, now the U.S. Women's Bu-



reau, Department of Labor. In the public-health field, one of the greatest reforms—passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906—is credited largely to the action of the Federation.

In the arena of prison reform, the women of the nation waded in where angels fear to tread, laboring for the establishment of the first penal farm, a Board of Indeterminate Sentence and Parole, and a Women's Bureau in the Police Department of the District of Columbia. In the "man's world of affairs" in the early part of the century, the women proved conclusively that they were no softies when the going got rough. Once they set their hand to the plow the furrow went deep, with no holds barred in what they worked for, whether it had to do with narcotics control or the welfare of Indians.

There is a quality of inexhaustibility about their work. Currently, their most ambitious undertaking is a "Build Freedom with Youth" project, in which clubs encourage teen-agers to take active part in community improvements. Cities everywhere have seen results of the campaign's success.

The youngsters have built community centers, transformed vacant lots into parks, refurnished rundown schoolrooms, canvassed for blood donors, found jobs for needy teen-agers, and stimulated voting through house-to-house campaigns.

THERE IS A BOND of unity and understanding between the multiple clubs that make up the Federation. Into the Washington office of GFWC go reports on various projects from coast to coast, ranging from the large club of Memphis, Tennessee, where 262 members gave 611 hours of work and 11,000 dollars' worth of equipment to the Children's Heart Clinic, to tiny little Interior, South Dakota, with 150 people, where women cooked box lunches to purchase a movie projector—so their boys and girls would not have to drive 25 miles if they wanted to see a show. Now the clubwomen give free movies every Wednesday night.

The same little group equipped a school-lunch club, excavated a skating rink for children, planted 100 trees in their town, and remodeled the local water tank. It is this kind of work, going on across the country, that made a congressman shout: "Good heavens, if the United States had undertaken these projects, it would have cost billions!"

The General Federation is a true federation. At no time does it try to influence the thinking of any one club. Center of the 14,594 affiliated clubs is National Headquarters, at 1734 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Its main function is to keep an unobtrusive watch for any help it can render, and to make available to all clubs information on whatever measures they may be concerned with.

Since the Federation is most often heard from in print, it is frequently mistaken for the whole movement. However, a New York or a Mississippi club may pass upon, lobby for, and act individually on any program, platform, or resolution, entirely independent of the Federation and even without its approval. To many this is a weakness, but in that supposed weakness lies a great strength. As the Honorary Presi-

dent of GFWC, Mrs. J. L. Blair Buck, points out:

"After all, we include women from every part of the country and almost every walk of life, from Democratic and Republican parties, from the South and from the North That we *do* arrive at some kind of policy, that we often do have organized action on the same resolutions, is little short of a miracle."

The Federation has been lucky to have a dynamic president the past two years—Mrs. Hiram Cole Houghton. She is typical of the kind of president that heads local groups, in that she worked up from an office in her town club to state and then national office.

A graduate of Wellesley College, she married Hiram C. Houghton in 1912. They have three sons and a daughter. The Houghton home is in Iowa, but one of the sacrifices the president must make is to leave her family and live in Washington during her three years of service.

All the major officers are unpaid, and the President sleeps in a fourth-floor apartment in the headquarters building. Her day is almost always 14 hours long, and she must be available for any major speaking event, from Siam to Albany.

The advantages of club federation are growing rapidly. Between 1947 and 1950, about 2,000 clubs were added to the GFWC. Chief among the advantages are the new friendships with women everywhere, whose interests extend beyond local horizons. The Federation's program arouses civic consciousness, trains for larger responsibilities, opens the way for constructive public service through organized efforts. It gives a voice to the Maine housewife in her community, her state, her country, and the world.

And always, beyond the granite ramparts of Washington, the heartbeat of ten women may become the pulsing throb of 11,000,000 when they voice approval of a single resolution for the betterment of society and mankind.

Emergency Call



LITTLE SUSAN had a burning ambition to be a doctor, but she was only five, so her dolls were her chief patients. Occasionally, however, she received an imaginary call to attend someone in the neighborhood. One day she rushed out on one of these calls, forgetting to close the door.

"Susan!" her mother cried. "Come back and close the door!" But Susan paid no attention. When her father sternly repeated the command, Susan reluctantly retraced her steps and loudly slammed the door shut. Then she continued on her way.

After a while she returned to the house. "And how is your patient getting along?" Susan's mother asked indulgently.

"She died," the little doctor replied, still angry. "Died while I was closing that darn door!"

—*The Sign*

A nurseryman-philanthropist's unique hobby has transformed many a drab, unlovely spot into breath-taking beauty.

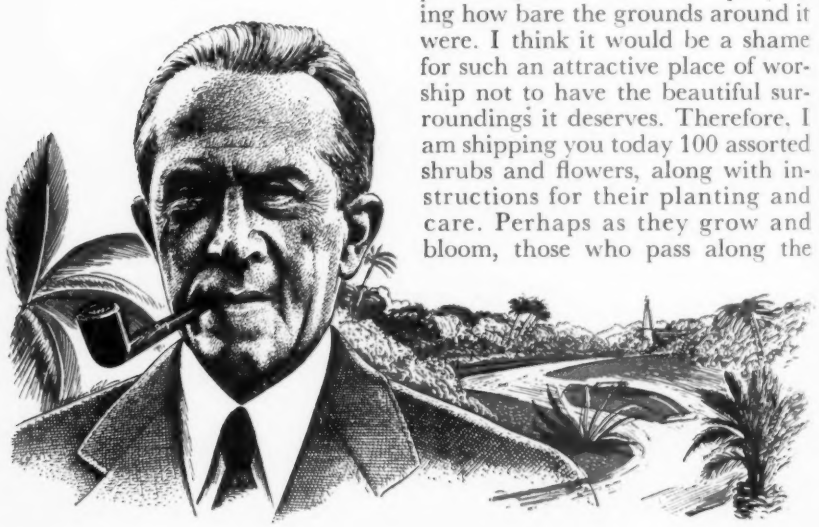
FLORIDA LOVES FRED MAHAN

by BILL WEEKS

ONE DAY LAST SPRING, the pastor of a small community church in one of the backwoods counties of northern Florida received an unusual letter. The writer hadn't known the name of the minister nor even the exact name of the church, but in parentheses he had carefully noted its location so the local post office would make no mistake.

The missive, bearing the letterhead of the Monticello Nursery Company, Monticello, Florida, consisted of this single paragraph:

"Dear Sir: On the way back from a fishing trip the other day I happened to see your nice new church. It is certainly a pretty little church and one the community should be proud of, but I couldn't help noticing how bare the grounds around it were. I think it would be a shame for such an attractive place of worship not to have the beautiful surroundings it deserves. Therefore, I am shipping you today 100 assorted shrubs and flowers, along with instructions for their planting and care. Perhaps as they grow and bloom, those who pass along the



highway will be reminded that God and beauty often dwell together.

"Fred Mahan"

The minister, who was new in Florida, blinked in wonder as he read. A man sending 100 costly plants to a pastor he didn't know, to grace a country chapel he had seen once? It seemed unbelievable.

But to the thousands of Floridians who know and love Fred Mahan, it was a familiar gesture—one they had seen repeated time and again. A strange philanthropist who bestows beauty instead of dollars, Mahan has devoted nearly a third of his 65 years to spreading scenic bounty across the state he loves.

It is a rare week during the planting season when at least one consignment of shrubbery doesn't leave Mahan's nursery without invoice or charge sheet. It may be a few dozen plants or it may be many thousand. Once he sent a truckload of Azaleas to a drab little community 300 miles away simply because a friend told him "how bare the place was and how miserable the people looked."

No one knows how many Florida schools, churches, hospitals, parks, squares, and public thoroughfares owe their striking landscapes to the unique charity of this gentle, small-town nurseryman. Fred keeps no record of his countless bequests, but Arthur Watson, his long-time superintendent and sales manager, figures he has handed out a total of nearly 400,000 trees and shrubs without asking for or receiving a cent in return.

"Fred asks only two things," says Watson. "That his plants be given the care they deserve, and that they be set out where rich and poor alike can see and enjoy them."

The most impressive monument to his beneficence is the section of US Highway 90 between Monticello and the capital city of Tallahassee. Not too many years ago this was just a drab road, rolling monotonously across scrub-pine hills. Today it is the most beautifully landscaped thoroughfare in Florida—and perhaps in the country—lined solidly for 26 miles with a breath-taking array of flowers and shrubs.

Studding the broad right of way are more than 200,000 plants with a total value of perhaps $500,000—yet, aside from their maintenance, they cost the state not a dime! Every tree, shrub, and flower is a gift from Mahan to the people of Florida.

In 1948, a grateful state officially designated the highway Fred Mahan Drive, erecting at either end a bronze marker inscribed:

Dedicated in
Honor of Fred Mahan
Who by His Untiring Effort and
Generosity Has Beautified this
Highway . . .

The transformation of this barren stretch of roadway represents years of effort and a fortune in shrubs. But for Fred, it is just the beginning. His ambition is to landscape the entire 170 miles from Tallahassee to Jacksonville.

"It's a long way and I may never make it," he admits with a little frown, "but I'll be in there pitching as long as God and good fortune will let me."

Meanwhile, he goes right on giving away beauty. This year he not only donated the shrubs for two new Tallahassee parks but did the actual landscaping as well.

"They were named in honor of

two fine men (Secretary of State Bob Gray and the late Judge Curtis Waller) and I wanted the job done right," he explains.

So far this year, Sales Manager Watson estimates, Fred has given away 25,000 plants which would have brought him from one to ten dollars apiece at current prices.

"Many a time," says Mrs. Helen Murdock, Fred's bookkeeper for 22 years, "I've seen him give away a thousand shrubs one day, then have to rush out the next and buy enough plants from a competitor to fill standing orders."

Early last year, a severe freeze hit most of the rose centers of the South, cutting normal production in half. Fred was lucky, however. He had 5,000 scarlet climbers which escaped unblemished.

Word got around and orders by the hundred poured into the Monticello Nursery Company. But as fast as they came in, Watson mournfully returned them—unfilled. Fred had decided to plant the entire crop on his beloved Highway 90!

BORN IN THE rip-roaring frontier town of Dodge City, Kansas, Fred Mahan spent his first 25 years in western Kansas and northern Illinois. His maternal grandfather was a well-known Illinois horticulturist and it was from him that Fred learned the nursery business.

In 1910 he came to the sleepy little village of Monticello "with a brand-new bride, one truck of belongings, and an abiding faith in Florida." For a brief time he worked for a local nurseryman, then struck out for himself. Within 20 years the little nursery he had launched on faith—and credit—had grown into one of the biggest in the state.

"Florida sun, Florida soil, and Florida people have given me what I have today," he says quietly. "It is my duty to give the state something in return."

Fred Mahan's heart-warming devotion to his adopted state has made him one of the best-known and best-loved figures in Florida. Not long ago a freshman legislator from the southern part of the state was discussing this gray-haired man's amazing benevolence with Senator Le Roy Collins, a distinguished Florida statesman and one of Fred's oldest friends. "Tell me," the young lawmaker said in a puzzled tone, "is Mahan a rich man?"

Senator Collins was thoughtful for a moment. "Yes, Fred's rich," he replied finally. "Though I know nothing of his financial standing, for my money he's the richest man in Florida—in friends."

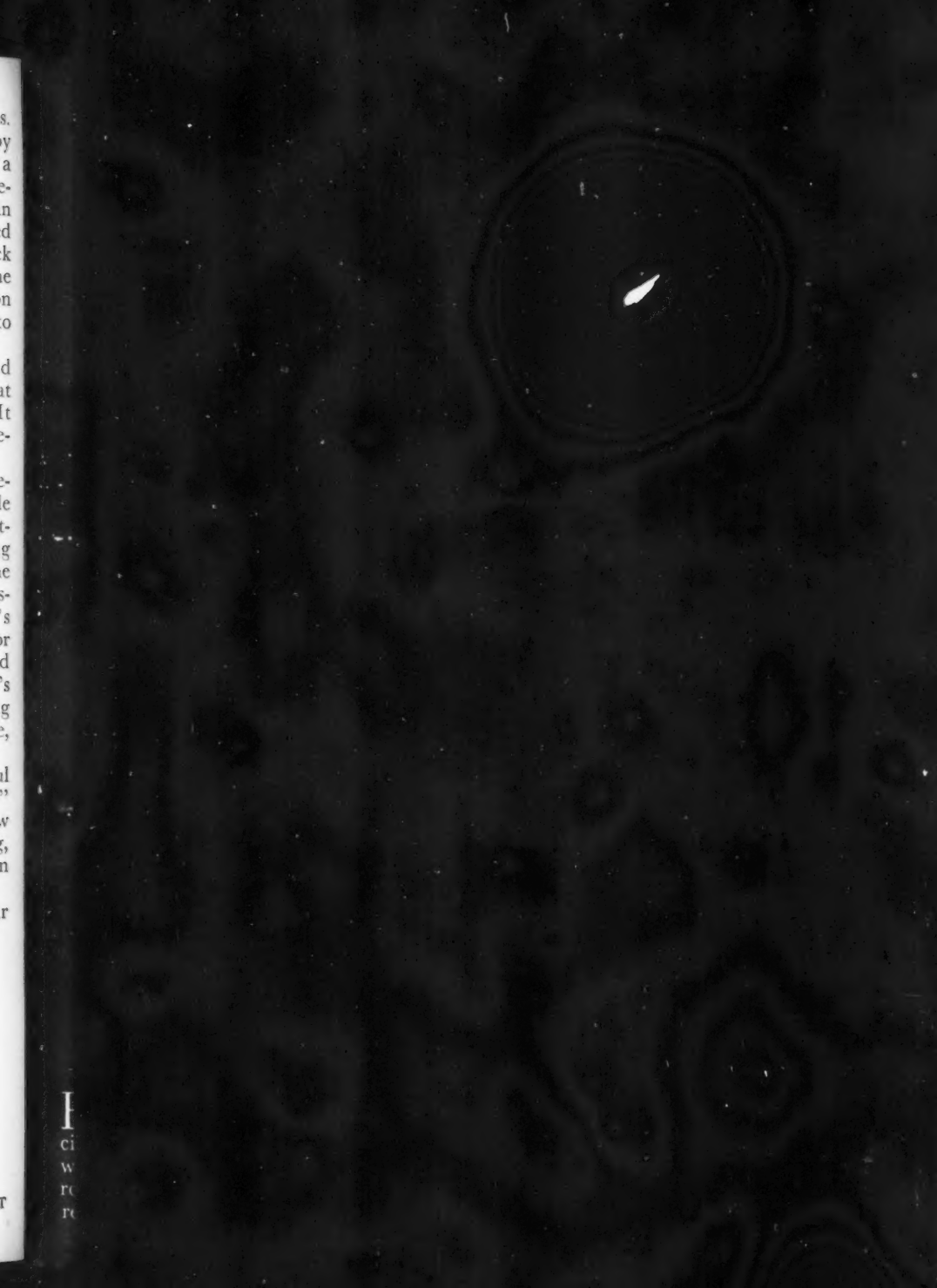
To Fred Mahan, such wealth far transcends any bank account.

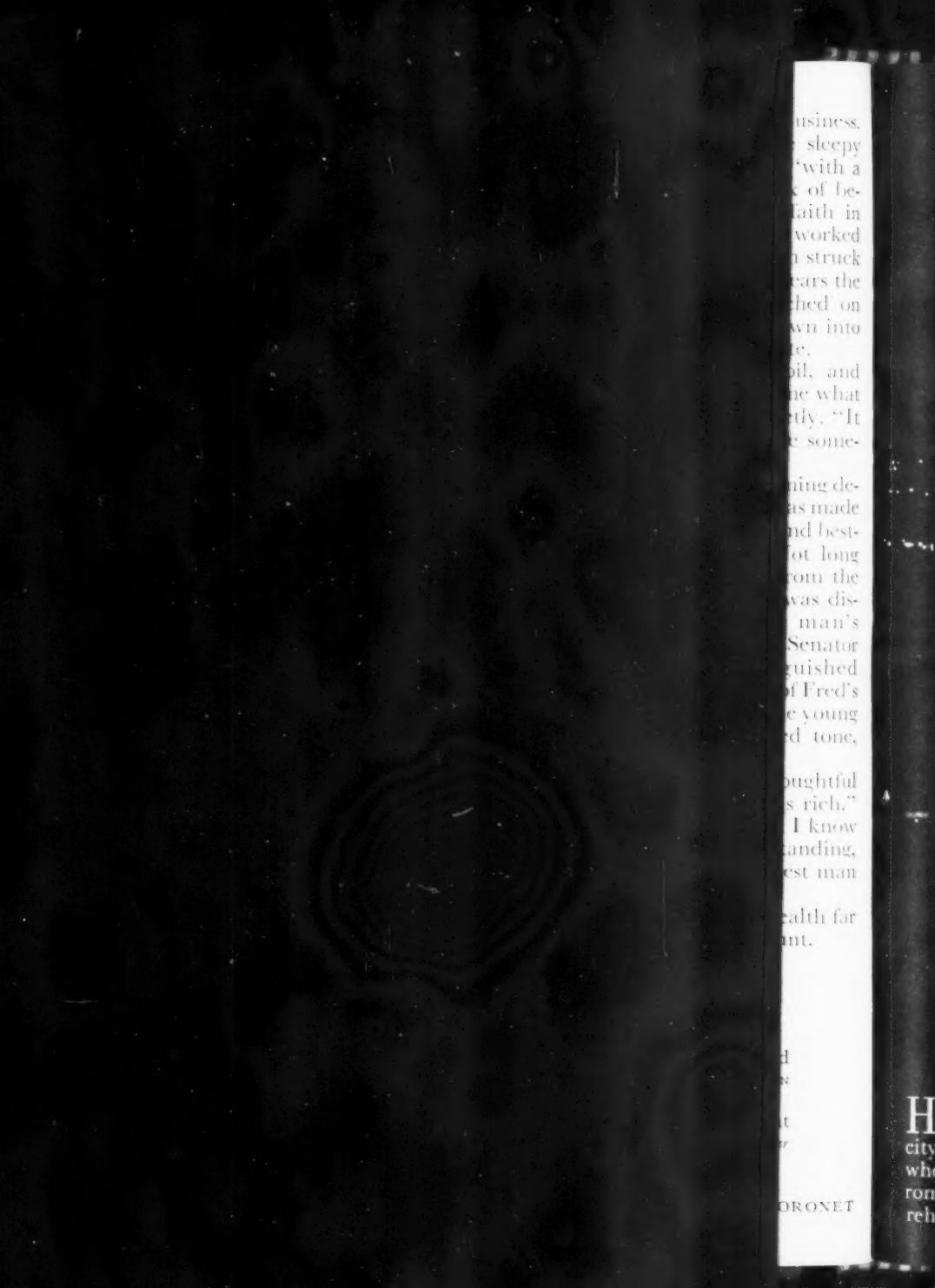
At Variance



The difference between the right word and almost the right word is the difference between lightning and lightning bug.—MARK TWAIN

There's a difference between good sound reasons and reasons that sound good. —*Pathfinder*





Picture Story

NIGHT OVER HOLLYWOOD



Photographs by EARL LEAF

HOLLYWOOD, bounded by Malibu Beach and the insatiable hunger for make-believe of 60,000,000 American movie-goers, is a magic city. By day, it play-acts passion and laughter for the camera. But when the sun dips into the sea and the studio lights are dimmed, the romance turns real, the tears and glamour and excitement are unrehearsed. This is the after-dark story of a Bagdad-by-the-Pacific.



By night, visitors stand apart. They stare at searchlights probing the sky; they stand before the cement imprint of Betty Grable's leg, in awe of the bizarre symbols of glamour, uniquely Hollywood.



Live pin-ups and the photographers who enshrine them rendezvous at La Madelon. From its noisy intimacy, a few have gone on to fame, many have gone home. The rest remain devout believers in "The Break."



But Grauman's Chinese Theater and La Madelon are only the inanimate counterparts of the vibrant personalities who give the fabled city its essential flavor. Among them, columnists Hedda Hopper . . .



. . . and Louella Parsons. They started as impersonal reporters of the stars' doings for an ardent public, and wound up stars in their own right, as integral a part of the Hollywood scene as Zanuck or DeMille.



New York and Paris may clasp a songstress to their bosom. But in the hierarchy of entertainment capitals, Hollywood and its audience of professionals still come first. Gain their applause and you've arrived.



No man can tabulate the hours spent over hamburgers and hopes in that monument to tenacity, Schwab's drugstore. Past its doors stroll stars and starlets in full-dress suits and guises of studied informality.



Fierce is the competition in beauty. Waitresses vie with glamorous models for admiring glances. The "discovery" of Lana Turner in a drug-store fortified the dreams of clerks, car-hops, and coeds—hopefuls, all.





A tableau with players always on stage, Hollywood is one part Groucho Marx, achieving the improbable by simultaneously smoking a cigar and embracing Betty Hutton, and one part lovely Jeanne Crain.





It is part childlike in its enthusiasm for dressing up, part godlike in its dispensations of favors. It is a gay, mercurial kaleidoscope whose moods and caprices by night only complement the frenetic life of its day.



Hollywood changes, they say; two option renewals make you an old-timer. But for those who remember Griffith and Valentino, Hollywood is still a smile or a frown from Casting, and that will never change.



At places like the Mocambo, the silver images of thousands of movie screens come to life. There, you can sit within autograph's reach of Ann Sheridan and hear the behind-the-scenes story of her next picture.



You can watch the mustache-twitch that made Jerry Colonna famous . . .



. . . you can be an in-the-flesh witness of a real-life love scene, a very genuine emotion in Hollywood, despite reports to the contrary . . .



. . . and you can listen, free of charge, to $1,000,000 worth of jokes.



Yet even while the lights dance along Sunset Boulevard, backstage, the world of make-believe reigns triumphant. Across the land, movie-goers cry: "More, more," so directors bark and cameras grind away.



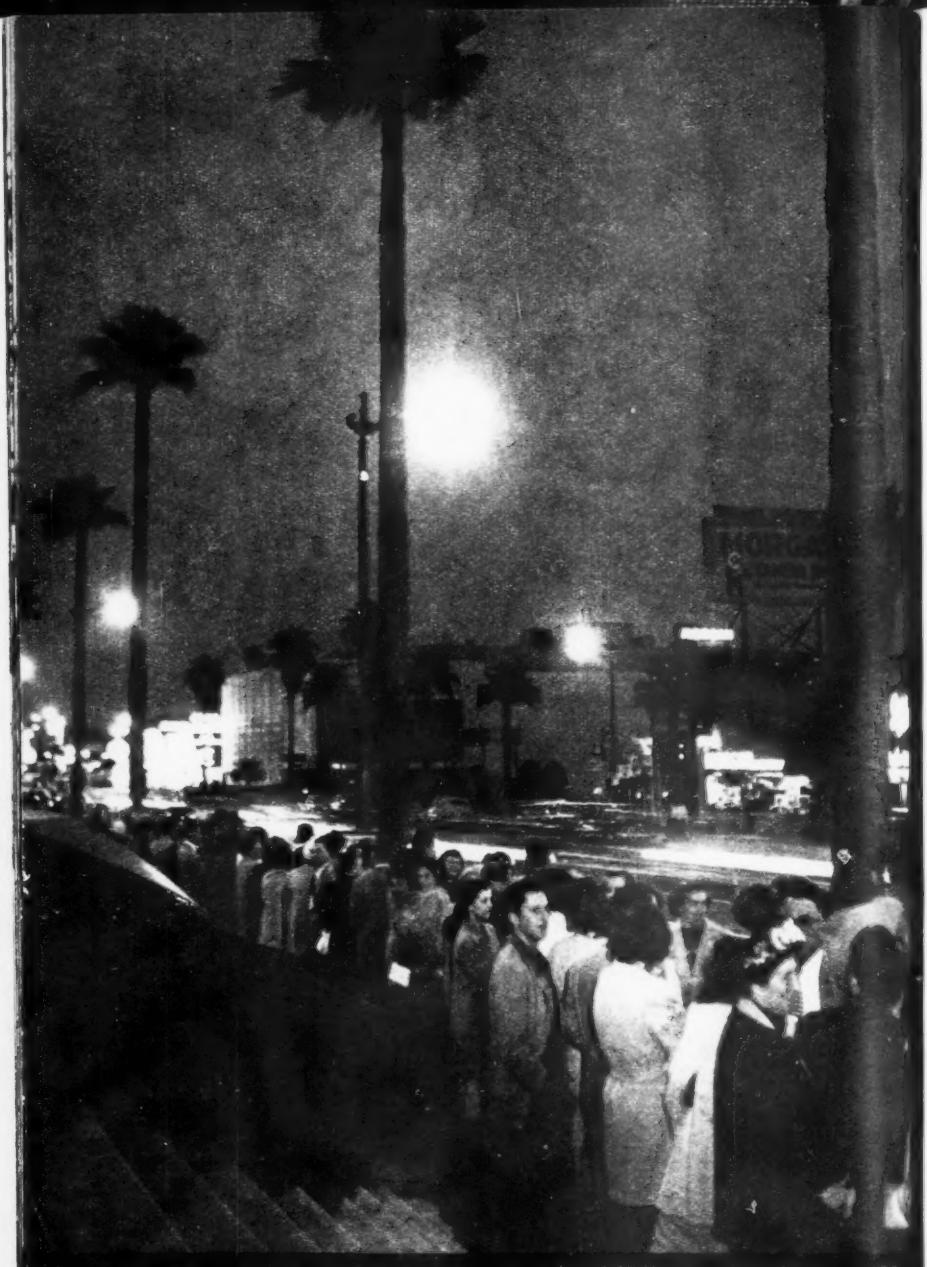
The idea that was born on the beach or in the bathtub comes to fruition in rehearsal halls, TV studios, movie lots. With the stakes sky-high and the potential infinite, you don't mind working around the clock.



Long after the last Cadillacs have swished through the palm-lined boulevards and vanished into the hills, the tinkle of a piano hangs in the deserted night. Somewhere, behind a lonely light, a girl is singing



. . . a dance team is whirling through the pirouettes and acrobatics which tomorrow will stun an audience, a producer, a director. The pot of gold is just ahead. You have only to reach forward and it's yours.



And far into the night, the plain people of Hollywood and the world stand and watch. This is the magic city, where every crushed dream gives birth to a new dream, and even by watching, you are part of it.

F

T

in
a
st
si
b
a
in
a
in

th
a
st
m
n
sc
ni
di
us

st
d
so
dr
ha
fri

rld
am
it.

world
dream
rt of it.

FIRE FROM THE *SKIES*



by NOEL PEATTIE

From the vast night of space, billions of shooting stars blaze into our atmosphere

TO YOU OR TO ME, any night of our lives, a fiery sign may appear in the heavens. Speeding at 50 miles a second through the sky, a shooting star comes blazing from space outside our world. It lights the earth by its sudden passage, until it disappears from sight or perhaps bursts in glory 40 miles overhead, leaving a luminous phosphorescent train in its wake.

Billions of shooting stars dash into the earth's atmosphere each day, are ignited by friction, and consumed to dust. But most of them make flashes so faint that they cannot be seen except through a telescope. These quiet signals in the night, fainter than a match flame, die in atmosphere far too thin for us to breathe.

Could we see all the shooting stars that fall, they might bring less delight. The giant fireballs are sometimes so large they land and drop meteorites—sky-stones that have partly escaped the destructive friction of the air. Only three persons in a million have had the terrifying luck actually to see a meteorite come to earth.

They say you hear a rumbling, booming sound in the distance, as if cannon were being fired high in the air. As it approaches it grows louder, till earth and sky are filled with the noise. Birds fly to and fro, cattle begin to run as the fiery visitor speeds nearer. Then it bursts in a loud roar, accompanied by clouds of smoke, and the cannon rumble is succeeded by a sound described as like the humming of a ricocheting bullet.

If you watch closely, you may see small black specks darting to earth. There is a thud, another, and clouds of dust spring from neighboring fields. The meteorite—or a group of them—has landed.

Your hope of finding an old meteorite is good if you are a farmer. And the dark rock, plowed out of the earth, heavy for its size and often curiously shaped and surfaced, might well be worth money. A Kan-

From *A Cup of Sky* by Donald Culross Peattie and Noel Peattie. Copyright 1950 by the authors and published by Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston 7, Mass.

sas farm wife, who at first was laughed at by neighbors and husband, suddenly was recognized as a shrewd businesswoman when the collection of curious-looking rocks she had been saving for years from around the farm was bought for a good price by a local college.

ONE OF THE GREATEST objects that ever hit the earth is the Canyon Diablo iron meteorite of Arizona. It fell a few miles west of where the town of Winslow now stands, and formed one of the biggest natural shell holes in the world. The mighty crater, a mile wide, could seat 2,600,000 people on its sloping sides.

It was originally twice as deep as it is now—that is, in that awful instant when the meteorite's estimated 12,000,000 tons landed at thousands of miles per hour. But the millions of tons of rock it displaced filled the crater halfway up and produced a great ridge on the rim, half a mile wide.

Landing many thousands of years ago, it destroyed a part of what was probably a flourishing forest that covered the desert. At its blow, the trees for hundreds of miles around fell, and caverns to the south of the point of impact collapsed. All life must have been destroyed for a vast area around.

The Arizona Meteor Crater was the subject of considerable discussion among geologists. The crater was attributed to a steam explosion connected with volcanic activity, despite the fact that there were no signs of volcanic work there at all. So when Dr. D. M. Barringer, a mining engineer, heard of a meteoric theory for the crater, he went to the site and was convinced. All the weight of scientific geological theory was against him; and by 1923 it had become orthodox to scoff at Barringer, who was then plumbing the depths of the crater for signs of the heavenly hammer that had built it.

The attempt failed, because Barringer assumed that the mass, falling vertically, had come to rest beneath the center of the bowl. Subsequent investigations have shown that the mass probably lies below the south rim, so a drill was started there. At around 1,200 feet, a very rich area of nickel-iron was encountered, possibly the top of the meteorite.

There the drill ground to a halt, and it is stuck there yet. So this great bomb of the universe still lies hundreds of feet below its own fragments and crushed rock.

Another big sky visitor is even more inaccessible. On June 30, 1908, a terrific meteorite, or group of them, landed in a marshy forest in central Siberia. Close to the point of impact a herd of reindeer was exterminated. For 20 miles around, all the trees were blown over and lie pointing away from the central area, where a few trunks still stand, stripped and sheared by fire.

Within 30 to 50 miles of the impact, the dwellings of the few inhabitants were ruined and their owners rendered temporarily unconscious. The explosion sent out an air wave that broke windows 60 miles away, while 500 miles to the south an engineer on the Trans-Siberian Railway stopped his train lest it be derailed by concussion.

Five hours later the wave reached England, where seismographic and barometric disturbances were re-

corded. Many miles into the air over the marsh rose a pillar of smoke that, drifting in upper-atmosphere winds, produced beautiful sunsets in Europe for days.

But communication was poor in Czarist Siberia, and that peasant was not likely to be believed who told of being knocked off his feet by a huge ball of fire. So it was not until 1927 that Prof. Leonide Kulik, of the Russian Academy of Sciences, investigated the area. But there was no deep hole in the earth's surface. Several craters a few hundred feet across were found, filled with marsh water. No great meteorites were found, only microscopic fragments.

All that were witness were peasants, fallen trees, and craters. It has been supposed that the meteorite was of stone, so that it broke into many pieces which quickly deteriorated in the moist forest.

THERE IS NO REASON why another giant should not be found lying in state in the wilderness or, indeed, appear in the air any minute. In fact, last year a party of Canadian explorers reported the discovery of a mammoth crater, 2½ miles wide, in the wilds of Northern Quebec. If, as seems likely, it was made by a meteor, the latter was probably the largest visitor from the skies ever to strike the earth.

Reports have also leaked out of a stony-iron meteorite in the Sahara near Chinguetti, 500 miles northwest of Dakar. Those who brought a small sample to Paris for examination say it is fully 60 feet high and 300 feet long, a great ship of rock forever stranded on the desert.

The largest meteorite in captivity —that is, removed from where it fell—came from Greenland and was brought to the Hayden Planetarium in New York by Admiral Robert Peary, discoverer of the North Pole. But since five-sixths of our planet is covered by water, most shooting stars we never see at all. For every rock that plunges into its self-made grave on solid land, more must drop hissing into the oceans, far from sight, and others must fall in the snowy wastes of the polar regions.

So, to the earth-bound in this day of air-borne peril as in a more innocent age of wonder, a shooting star is still a sudden rapture. We catch our breath and make a wish upon it, before it vanishes in the great night of space.

A Quick Trick



THE TRICK: To look straight through your hand.

HOW TO DO IT: Roll a newspaper to form a tube. Hold it against the side of your open hand. Look through the tube with your right eye, look at the center of your hand with your left eye. A "hole" will appear in your hand and apparently you can see straight through it.

Arizona's Father to Brides and Grooms



John Sandige is friend and confidant of 1,500 couples who have their own homes, thanks to his unique plan

by OREN ARNOLD

FOR THE 16th straight year, last June was a big month in the life of John R. Sandige. In his home town of Phoenix, Arizona, he was guest at several delightful "house-raisings," made paternal calls in a hundred other newly completed homes, hugged babies named after him, gently counseled their parents, and tactfully answered endless questions.

It was all part of a job that has made him one of the happiest men alive. John, a youngish, gray-haired grandfather whose business is real estate, is adopted "father" of 1,500 young couples for whom he has developed a unique plan—called one of the most important ideas in home building in 50 years.

June is John Sandige's month because most new families are started then. For example, he arrived by invitation at the young newlywed O'Days. It was 5 P.M. on a Saturday and 20 guests were already there, dressed in old shirts and jeans. They had brought carpentry and electrical tools, paint brushes and jolly spirits, and now were at work amidst terrific clatter.

At 7 o'clock, pretty Mrs. Judy O'Day served dinner in the yard while her Pat proudly beamed. By 10 P.M. their new home was complete and an hour of square dancing wound up the festival.

Pat and Judy had bought the home—still unfinished—from John Sandige for $3,985, paying $190 down and signing to pay $29 a month the first year, then $35. It was "barny" at that stage; some interior walls not up, painting incomplete, some cabinets unmade, many details unfinished. But the 20 friends at the house-raising whizzed through to completion in that one day, Pat having laid out $400 worth of materials for them. This way he and Judy saved about $2,415, since their finished home, at the market sale value, was worth at least $6,800.

That is Sandige's system—selling unfinished homes to newlyweds who complete the work themselves. Each house is far enough along for temporary "camping," and the remainder takes very little skilled labor.

"Every young man fancies him-

self a carpenter," says John, "and every bride knows she is an interior decorator. With just a little guidance they end up with nicer homes than any builder could offer them at prices they can afford."

Not all the homes are finished in group house-raisings. Many couples prefer to do the work themselves, slowly. One family moved into their house, faced a series of illnesses, camped for a year while recouping their fortunes, then finished it. No mortgage was foreclosed, no pressure applied. In several such emergencies Sandige has loaned money to his "youngsters" —and hasn't lost a dime.

Average price paid for the unfinished houses is $4,200; average saving, from $1,000 to $3,500. During the 16 years of the plan's operation, not one seller has lost money on his investment!

Sandige's plan is now being copied, with his hearty sanction, in several communities; the buyer can make a deal with almost any reputable builder for an unfinished home. Just anybody, however, can't buy from Sandige. He screens his young couples, demands character references, talks with them as a father would. "I have to live with them for years," he explains.

More than 60 per cent of the buyers pay off their homes in five years. Not once has John lost money due to any character fault of his "children"; none has skipped out, or tried to gyp him. On the contrary, many look to him for guidance in almost everything.

"Oh, Mr. Sandige," cried one distracted 20-year-old wife over the phone, "I'm going to have our *second* baby, and we didn't mean to have it for three years yet! Whatever shall we do?"

"You shall welcome it and love it, my dear," John ordered. "I'll drop by tonight."

How to plan a family is an important part of Sandige's counseling. Surprisingly many youngsters get married while woefully ignorant of life's problems.

In one day John had to show a bride how to mix house paint, teach a young man to saw in a circle, show a newlywed how to tenderize tough meat. Then, at midnight, a mother called to ask what to do about whooping cough.

One spirited bride threw dishwater on her husband, ordered him out of their home, then an hour later called John. "*Please* help me find him, Mr. Sandige," she sobbed. "And tell him I love him and never want him to leave again."

John found him, and took both youngsters to dinner that night. Small wonder their baby is named after John Sandige now, and that John is its godfather.



Slight Variance

Where Democracy says: "Believe it or not,"
Communism says: "Believe it or else."
—Dr. Homer P. Rainey, *president, Stephens College*



Hobbies That Hold Your Family Together

by REED MILLARD

You'll find a wonderful new world in the happy companionship of shared activities

DO YOU EVER FIND yourself wishing for more companionship between members of your family? If so, you are not alone. Fearful of the strains of modern living, which tend to pull families apart, many sociologists warn that we will have to make special efforts to develop stronger home ties.

Unfortunately, family companionship doesn't magically develop for the wishing. What's needed is some definite activity to which each member can make a creative and constructive contribution—call it a family hobby.

A *family* hobby? Offhand, that may sound impossible. Isn't a hobby something that has to be picked by an individual for himself? Not at all. There are scores of activities that involve no sacrifice of individual interests, present no problems of age difference, and can better be carried out by members of a family than by one person.

There is no formula to follow, but here are suggestions that may help you find a hobby for your family:

1. *Hold a Conference.* The idea is to let everybody talk freely. What would *you* like to do for a hobby?

You may discover that on the lists of various family members there are several points of agreement. A father whose own hobby

was magic was pleasantly surprised to find that his wife and three children all included magic on their lists.

You will help your conference along if, in advance, you read some books on hobbies. You will find a wonderful new world opening up. There are hobbies that you can carry out at home, others that call for going away. There are some that require elaborate equipment, others for which you need nothing at all, still others that can make money.

When you are talking about hobbies, don't be taken aback by seemingly odd ideas the children may offer. A Colorado family tried to convince a 12-year-old that mountain climbing as a hobby was too dangerous for him, too strenuous for father. It turned out that everybody in the family really wanted to tackle the adventure. Though they stick to easy slopes, they have as much fun as skilled mountaineers.

2. *Pick a Hobby with Varied Activities.* Different phases of the same hobby can provide scope for individual tastes and capabilities. In the case of a family of ardent photographers, their hobby has given them a common ground of shared activity, yet their approaches are entirely different. The husband likes to take nature shots, his wife prefers portraits, a young daughter paints them in oils, a 14-year-old son, interested in science, has rigged up an enlarger and has charge of the darkroom.

Another family with a liking for craftsmanship found not only a happy spare-time occupation but a means of solving a home-furnishing problem. Faced with the prospect of buying needed new furniture, the family turned to furniture making. The husband and a 12-year-old son did most of the carpentry work, a ten-year-old daughter helped with the staining and varnishing, the wife did the upholstering.

3. *Turn an Everyday Activity into a Hobby.* There are probably a lot of necessary activities in your life that could be more fun if you went at them as hobbies. Consider the suburban family for whom keeping up the yard had always been a struggle. "Nobody but I," the father frequently lamented, "ever takes an interest in this place."

Finally it occurred to him that maybe this was his own fault. What *did* the yard offer the family? It served no recreational purpose. A conference revealed that the children wanted an archery range, the wife longed for a flower garden, and the husband wanted a horseshoe-pitching court. Together they replanned the yard as a group recreational spot.

4. *Make a Hobby of a Family Goal.* A Chicago family which had always wanted a lake cottage but couldn't afford one decided to build it themselves. The first year they rented a bungalow in Wisconsin and the whole family helped clear a nearby lake-front lot they had purchased. With their own logs, they were soon at work on a cabin. The father's week ends and his two-week vacation speeded the work. A few days' labor at the start of the second summer brought the structure near enough to completion to permit the family to move in.

A New Jersey family which yearned for a swimming pool discovered a simple way to make a big one for less than $600. Now the family hobby is swimming. They figure the pool paid for itself in the first

two years, because they stayed home in the summertime instead of going away for vacations.

5. *Try a Money-making Hobby.* A California family which liked to spend time on the beach began by merely swimming and loafing. Then the children started to pick up interesting pieces of driftwood. "A person could make things out of this stuff," the father said idly

Before long, they had a profitable hobby-business in which all played a part. Roaming the beaches, they found a variety of amazing objects —old ropes, sea-worn bottles, curious pieces of driftwood. Made into furniture, lamps, and knickknacks, they sold so well that the family built a flourishing business. But the real success of the enterprise is measured in the hours of sheer pleasure it has given the family.

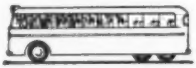
A New York salesman traveling for a toy firm developed an idea for a new kind of doll. In his workshop, he and his ten-year-old son fashion the plastic bodies, while his wife sews the dresses and a young daughter helps with packaging.

A Colorado family, which had turned to rock collecting as a hobby, built a mail-order business selling rock samples and gems to other collectors. Their success inspired some friends to turn their hobby, jewelry-making, into the same kind of mail-order enterprise.

6. *Try a Trial Hobby.* If you can't get your family together on a permanent hobby, then tackle a temporary one. One family which "wanted to do something outdoors" simultaneously tried out gardening, bird study, and amateur botany. Though they ended up spending most of their time with birds, the other trial hobbies were not abandoned.

One family whose members were interested in handicraft tried successive projects with leather, metal, plastics, and wood. Though they eventually selected woodworking, and spent several hundred dollars on tools, the initial investment in all four hobbies was slight, because they selected easy projects that required little equipment.

As your family's needs and interests change, you may outgrow a hobby, but you will never lose the benefits it gives you. For your children, the time you spend in shared fun will remain as a warm remembrance of an enriched childhood. And further, a family activity will help them build happy lives for their own families later on.



He Got Action

A SUBURBAN New York bus driver was getting little response to his repeated pleas of "Step to the rear of the bus, please! Step to the rear of the bus!" Nobody moved an inch. Suddenly he switched his tune to: "All right, folks! Let's cuddle up a little back there in the rear of the bus!"

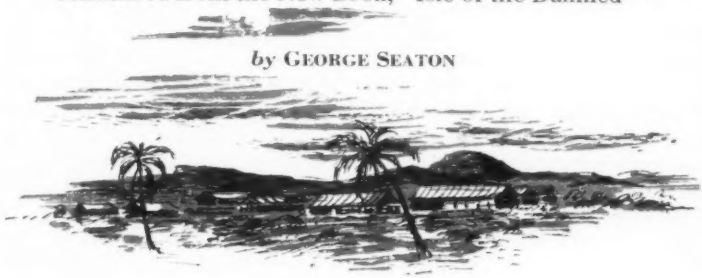
After a moment's hesitation, people began to smile and move back good-naturedly. —CLEMENT WRIGHT

Brutal, Shocking — But True!

THE LIVING DEAD OF DEVIL'S ISLAND

Condensed from the New Book, "Isle of the Damned" *

by GEORGE SEATON

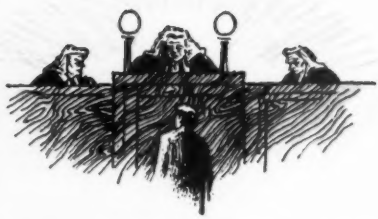


To most Americans, the name of Devil's Island is linked to prison brutalities of an almost-forgotten past. But, as this book so grimly tells, the horrors of France's penal colony existed long after the United Nations was created as a symbol of peace and good will among mankind. Here is the sordid story of French Guiana, told by one of the few men who ever survived the disease, starvation, and torture of that tropic hell. —THE EDITORS.

THE FRENCH COURTROOM was jammed. I was surrounded by hostile faces—grim men and women with cold, hard eyes and tight, sullen mouths.

There was a clearing of throats, a gavel banged. The officer for the prosecution arose and slowly, quietly outlined his case against me. I had stolen from a hotel in Aix, had been

* From *Isle of the Damned* by George Seaton. Copyright, 1951, by The People Newspaper, and Farrar, Straus & Young, Inc., Publisher.



apprehended by local police. It was true. Yet it was not true. They didn't understand. How could they understand? I did not mean to steal . . . I could not keep from stealing . . . Was there no one there to help me—to explain to the court that I was guilty yet innocent?

The prosecutor sat down. My lawyer arose. Words . . . words . . . words . . . Again the gavel.

The President of the court passed sentence. Six months' imprisonment to be followed by "relegation." I was bewildered. What was this relegation?

When I was returned to my cell, my lawyer explained. Because within ten years I had received three sentences for robbery, I had been classed as an incorrigible thief. I was to be relegated: deprived of my citizenship and sent to the penal colony of French Guiana for the rest of my life.

Before I was led away, the president of the court spoke to me. His words burned into my brain.

"Remember, Seaton, you are not going to French Guiana as a convict. You will be a free man within the confines of the Colony. I see no reason why you shouldn't start a new life and make something of yourself. It is a young country, a country full of opportunities. You are one of the pioneers in the glorious French Empire!"

What a horrible mockery those words turned out to be!

That night I lay on my cot and wept. I was still capable of tears; I was only 25 years old.

I SERVED my six months at La Rochelle, and on an icy morning in January, 1927, I was transferred to Ile de Ré, a tiny island in the Breton Straits. Fifty other men accompanied me, and the guards made certain we would not escape—they chained us together. A heavy manacle was locked around my left ankle with a chain joining me to the man in front and the man behind.

At the prison of St. Martin-de-Ré, when our manacles were removed, around my ankle was a belt of raw, red flesh. We were ordered to strip and our prison clothes were taken from us. In their place we were given brown trousers and blouse, clogs, a cap, a blanket, and a kit bag. Then we were examined to see if we were carrying a *plan*.

I had come across the *plan* during previous prison experiences. It is a tube about three inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. It is hollow and made in two halves, screwed together at the center. The *plan* is used as a secret means of carrying money, for it is inserted in the body.

After the search we were rushed to the showers, and for the first time I saw guards carrying whips—long, pliant riding crops. The guards screamed at us to hurry, and as each man passed under the icy shower, he received a vicious slash across the back.

by George Seaton

There were six of us in my cell, and we were made to lie next to each other along the bench. The warder said, "Chain them up," and the trusty clamped a link on our ankles. Then he ran an iron bar through the end of each chain, and secured the bar with padlocks to the bench. There was no mattress or pillow; just a thin regulation blanket. They left us there in the half-light, chained like dogs.

On my right was a grim-looking man: tall, broad, hard. He had been burned brown by years in the sun, and his arms and chest were heavily tattooed. His cheeks were knife-scarred. He was tough, and wanted everyone to know it: a prison bully.

"They call me the Strangler," he said. He had spent years in North African military prisons. Now he was to serve 20 years in Guiana for murdering an officer.

"I'll do all right in Guiana," he promised. "They can't push me around. I know the ropes."

I remembered this when I saw him three years later. It was on the Maroni River, where the Strangler was dying of leprosy.

Next to the Strangler was Marcel Brun, a simple, frightened peasant boy. He had stolen from his employer and had been sentenced to five years.

Night finally came to the prison—night, but not peace. The bench cut into my shoulders. I lay with my blanket as a pillow and tried to sleep, but sleep would not come. It was a nightmare; it couldn't be true. Yet it was true; I was lying chained in a foul-smelling cell with murderers and thieves.

I thought—I was to think many times in the years that followed—of the easy and elegant days that used to be. That was back when George Seaton, illegitimate son of a British nobleman, had lived a life of luxury—until kleptomania had turned him into a prison "repeater" . . .

Suddenly I realized the Strangler was whispering to Marcel, the peasant lad. "Eh, my little one, you must be nice to me. I'm an old hand; I know all the ropes. Stick to me and I'll look after you."

The Strangler's chain rattled. The boy screamed. "No! Please... No! No! . . . Don't . . ."

"Quiet, you fool!" the Strangler hissed, but it was too late. The cell door opened and the warder, accompanied by a trusty, flashed a light in our faces.

"So you want to make a noise, eh? Very well, my chickens, I shall give you something to make a noise about. Unlock them!"

The trusty did so. We were made to stand facing the bench. The whip whistled through the air. We received six cuts apiece. They must have heard our cries in La Rochelle. Then we were chained again: five lacerated wretches, sobbing and moaning in the darkness. The sixth man did not moan or cry out. He just lay there muttering terrible obscenities—the Strangler . . .

ON APRIL 1, 1928, it was announced we would sail for Guiana. We were given a shower, a head shave, and an inoculation against typhus. Two hundred and thirty *relégués* and 700 convicts were to make the trip.

In single file we went up the ship's gangplank and were led be-

low. I twisted my head for a last look at the France I was never to see again—a low, gray, indistinct shape against the dawn.

The lower deck was divided into eight holds, and in each was a cage, 60 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 12 high. The sides were constructed of inch-thick bars, set four inches apart. Each of the cages held 80 to 90 men. In one corner was a latrine bucket, and hanging from hooks were hammocks.

The terror of my cage was the Strangler, who obtained cards and dice from the ship's crew. Every day had its gambling fights. Sometimes just brawls—two men wrestling and kicking in the center of the cage. More often they were uglier affairs. Rubbed on the deck, a spoon became a knife, and when the knives were drawn, blood flowed freely.

When two experts fought, there was a strange fascination in watching. They were no longer men, but snakes: coiling, swaying, striking, leaning back and shooting forward with a strange and deadly beauty. The entire cage became silent and still, hypnotized.

If the fighting became really bad, the commander ordered steam hoses turned on the offenders. The steam hissed through a valve in the deckhead, and every man in the cage was scalded. Then the guards came running with their whips, lashing everyone within reach.

One night I saw that which I had been dreading. Marcel was standing by the front of the cage. I hardly recognized him. His face had been battered to pulp. One of his eyes was closed completely, and his right ear was torn. With head bent down, he stood and sobbed. I heard the Strangler's voice say, "Well, my little one?" Without a word Marcel walked to the far corner of the cage.

AFTER A VOYAGE of three dreadful weeks, the hell ship arrived at St. Laurent. Guards were there, carrying the inevitable whips and accompanied by their wives, black and white. Then I saw *them*—men dressed as though for a pantomime. Baggy, shapeless trousers; shirts of old flour sacks; no shoes; heads shaven; thin, broken wretches with bowed shoulders and empty eyes. They stood there, vertical corpses.

One of the sailors flicked the butt of his cigarette onto the quay. Immediately 20 men threw themselves on it. They were a scrambling, cursing mob, tearing at each other's throats for a discarded butt.

"Who are they?" I whispered to a sailor.

"*Relégués*."

The words of the court flooded back to me: "It is a young country, full of opportunities. You are a pioneer in the glorious French Empire! . . ." Those half-starved, embattled animals before me were the judge's pioneers! . . .

The 250 of us—less three who had died during the voyage, and seven others carried ashore with little time to live—were herded into a small stone building. Our brown clothes were taken from us and in their place we were issued the black-striped tropical uniform.

As we sat around, wondering what was going to happen next, we received visitors—*relégués* from other parts of St. Jean who came to buy our clothes, to sell us tobacco.

I called one of them over. "I understood that we *relégués* were free men within the confines of the Colony," I said to him. "Why, then, are we in prison?"

He smiled. "They'll leave you here for a few weeks, then you'll be transferred to the Free Camp. But you won't be free; you'll be working just as hard as any condemned man. Freedom!" He spat. "What is this Colony? Nothing but jungle studded with prison camps and one tiny town at Cayenne. So you're free—free to wander round the jungle till you drop dead . . . The only freedom in this place is the freedom of the grave . . ."

We remained locked in that small building for the rest of the day. The stench became mephitic. There was nothing to do but squat there, talking, gambling, smoking, vomiting, and trying vainly to pick your clothes clean of lice.

That was our life for three weeks. Perhaps, when you strip a man of the last shred of decency and self-respect, he finds a primitive jungle reserve of energy—a crude strength that has lain smouldering for centuries. For during those three weeks, when we ceased to be men and became animals, a new and terrifying toughness crept among us.

Even I—the effete socialite—acquired a sinewy brutality. I slid back a dozen centuries and obeyed the law that said, "If all else dies, I shall survive!"

The gambling and love-making led to fights. For all the men's weakness and lack of exercise, they always had enough energy to reach for a sharpened spoon. Again the steel would flash, and often the warder, upon opening the cell in the morning, would find a corpse blocking his way. The murderer was never caught, for no one would squeal. There would be a wholesale whipping and then the warders would say, "Oh, well, it's just one — the less."

During this period we were examined by a doctor and listed according to our professions. I termed myself an "independent." Not that it made a bit of difference. They stamped a number on my shirt—14156—and a few days later we were transferred to the Free Camp.

THE FIRST morning there, we joined the men setting off for the bush. An Arab trusty silently thrust an axe into my hand and I joined the file. We marched three miles into the jungle, and at every step my axe became heavier. I was weak after months of confinement and malnutrition. My joints were stiff. But still I had to stagger on, bruised, scratched, and cut by the vicious undergrowth.

We halted at a large clearing, where the guard gave us instructions. We were to cut down a tree, then chop it into fire-size logs. We would break for a meal at noon, and must have the task completed by 3 P.M. Each man had to cut one cubic meter of logs.

Every one of us, young or old, new arrival or old hand, had hardly strength to lift our axes. Our bodies had been whipped raw. Many men were eaten with malaria; all were anemic. Our puny arms and legs buckled under the weight of even a three-pound log.

Your arms come up . . . the axe

is poised . . . down it falls . . . your arms come up . . . the axe is poised . . . down it falls . . . your arms come up . . . the axe is poised . . .

The sun beats down and sweat pours from your body. The rains come and you sob and slither in mud. The sun breaks through again and your body steams. And all the time the axe is raised, and the axe comes down, and you wonder how you will ever find strength for the next blow.

How did we survive? Is there no limit to the punishment a body can take, hour after hour, day after day, year after year? Why, indeed, did we *want* to go on? What was the strange impulse that kept us going? We were skeletons in parchment; not men, but machines.

Maybe that was it—we were machines—machines fed on slops, guided not by a button but a whip. From the moment we started our daily trek into the bush until we arrived back in camp, our minds were blank. We did not think, feel, question, or comprehend. We were the living dead, deaf even to the sobs that choked our own throats.

COMPARED TO many *relégués* at St. Jean, I was an innocent babe in arms. Some had 20, 30, even 40 convictions. We ordinary thieves were the scum of the place. Even the guards despised us. The murderers represented an aristocracy: the more killings to a man's credit, the higher his stock. "He's got guts," the warders said.

One of the most powerful men in camp was Laston, the bookkeeper, a convict working in official quarters. It was he who kept the tally on jobs, food, tools, and clothing.

Laston was a squat, powerful man covered with tattoos. He had retained his bulk and strength when the rest of us had been reduced to freakish skinniness. Bookkeepers never go hungry.

If you had money, Laston could fix all manner of things. When a guard put you on a charge he told Laston, who entered it on a sheet. A hundred francs to Laston—the charge disappeared. You wanted to sneak through the bush to St. Laurent to buy liquor to resell to the men—for a fee your name disappeared from the working list for three days.

Two days a week were supposed to be "meat days." The warder issuing the meat cut an enormous slice for himself, and Laston and the trusties took their share. So, of course, did the cook. By the time the meat reached the men, all that remained were a few strands of gristle floating in grease.

There were nearly 230 men in my consignment that arrived at St. Jean. Within a year, 140 were dead. But it did not matter whether a man lived or died. There were plenty of convicts in France to replace him.

One morning I awoke to find my left foot horribly lacerated. There was a large pool of blood on the floor. During the night a vampire had flown into the hut and chosen me as a victim.

It occurred often. The bats would flap silently into the huts, light on an exposed leg, and feed themselves. They performed their gruesome work so delicately and quietly that a man did not realize he had been attacked till morning.

by George Seaton



I wrapped my foot in my shirt and hobbled to the hospital, where the trusty in charge examined the wound. It was his duty to see that men did not report sick just to avoid work. The trusty had no medical qualifications: he was merely a *relégué* who had wangled a quiet job.

In my case, it was obvious that medical attention was needed. My shirt was soaked in blood: my foot and ankle had swollen to twice their normal size.

There were five days to go before the doctor made his weekly visit. No matter—I had to wait.

The hospital was a stone building that held 80 patients. Camp beds covered with sacking accommodated 30 of them; the rest of the patients slept on the floor.

For five days I lay on the floor. My foot throbbed all the time; the bandages were applied direct to the wound, and when they were changed by the convict nurse, the scab was always torn off.

Three to five men died every week in the hospital. You always knew when a man was dying, because the warder, trusty, and nurse gathered around him. As soon as the rattle died in his throat, the three sprang into action. In seconds, the corpse was stripped of clothes, belongings, and *plan*. The loot was shared, the largest portion going to the warder.

When a man died the doctor was never called. The warder would slash the corpse three or four times across the face with his whip, and announce, "He's dead, all right—plant him."

It was as well that some strange reserve of strength helped me to recover. I would rather have died than have been left with a permanent disability and classed "incurable." For that meant a transfer to New Camp—the dread Camp of the Dead, 12 miles away.

I visited it once to deliver stores —50 acres of clearing containing 400 men in five thatch-covered huts. It was a terrible sight.

No words of mine can convey the abomination of that jungle hell, that graveyard of the living dead. If I shut my eyes I can still see it: a dusty, scrub-covered clearing, surrounded by brilliantly green bush and tall, swaying trees. A copper sun beat down from a cloudless sky, and the procession of the lost paraded past me.

Idiots, their tongues lolling and their heads hanging, slouched and skipped like grotesque children. The lame dragged themselves along on crude crutches; the blind groped and stumbled, staggered and cried aloud as they tapped their way through camp . . .

When my leg healed, the doctor pronounced me fit to return to camp. I took my axe and joined the long, weary file through the jungle. For months I had been growing steadily weaker. My foot throbbed with pain. By the time we reached

the clearing, I was on the point of collapse. I longed, inordinately, to lie down and sleep, but the guard gave me a push and ordered me to start working.

As I dragged myself towards the trees, something seemed to snap inside my brain. I remember that I screamed; then, forgetting my foot, I ran blindly into the bush.

I did not know where I was running. I only wanted to get away—anywhere away from the guards and the chopping of trees.

I did not feel the sharp bush tearing at my body. I stumbled, picked myself up, continued my blind flight. I do not know how far I ran, but suddenly my ankle twisted and I fell.

I lay there gasping until I heard movements in the bush. It was the guard and a trusty. A voice said, "There he is." . . . I felt the burning whip on my back . . . Again it fell . . . Again and again. After the fifth blow I fainted . . .

ABOUT 800 MEN tried to escape every year. Five hundred were brought back; a few reached freedom; the rest died. The odds against escape were stacked high.

If the man tried to make Dutch Guiana or Brazil by land, he would almost certainly die in the impenetrable bush, traveling in circles until he dropped with fatigue and became a feast for the ants.

If a man went westward and tried to reach Dutch Guiana he had to cross the Maroni River. To do this he needed to steal a native canoe. It is dangerously easy to overturn them. I mean it when I say "dangerous," for the Maroni is a breeding place of the piranha, cannibal fish of the Guianas. Although it is only a foot in length, the piranha has razor-sharp teeth. It travels in packs, and when a man falls into the Maroni, the piranha are attracted swiftly. A hundred of them will swoop in, bite deeply into a man's flesh, give a corkscrew twist, and shoot away. In less than a minute the man is torn to pieces.

There is only one route of escape left—by sea. You stole a canoe, pushed off from shore, and hoped to God you could reach Trinidad. The authorities there were known to be kind. They gave an escapee food and 24 hours to disappear.

First, however, you had to reach Trinidad. It lay 800 miles away. It was a perilous journey—a strong squall and you were just a meal for the sharks.

Despite the odds against success, from my talks with fellow *relégués* I had become an expert on escape. I had worked it all out and decided the time was not yet ripe. Yet there I was, with a lacerated back, lying in prison on an evasion charge.

I lay in my cell for three days. I could barely move my arms to reach for food. On the fourth day I was able to stand unsteadily. I was permitted to clean myself as best I could, and then I was taken before the commander.

"Why did you try to escape?" he snapped at me.

I shrugged. How could I explain? How does a person describe the blackness of his soul; the hopelessness and bottomless misery?

"I was not trying to escape. I simply could not stand it any more, and so I ran."

"Isn't that escaping?"

by George Seaton

"Surely," I argued, "if a man tries to escape, he doesn't just drop his axe and flee into the bush. You, sir, with your knowledge of escapees, must know that a man doesn't run in the presence of a guard—"

For a minute the commander stood silent. Then he said: "You are right. I shall accept your explanation of your action. But for refusing to do your task, you will be punished. Thirty days."

I had long forgotten to expect any kindness from officials. This gesture of charity overwhelmed me. I was too overcome with emotion to express thanks. I turned away and allowed myself to be dragged back to the cells.

Another 30 days there. Two days out of three on bread and water. The hot, clinging dampness; the unutterable loneliness. But it was infinitely better than five years for "attempted escape."

WHEN MY 30 DAYS was up I bribed Laston the bookkeeper into getting me a job as houseboy to C——, one of the guards. He was known as the Ape—a nickname that fitted him admirably. His head jutted from a thick neck; malevolent eyes moved restlessly beneath his bushy eyebrows.

He lived with his wife in a hut in official quarters. Many of the warders were married, and the wives were mostly as depraved as their husbands. It was understandable; mostly they were ex-prostitutes.

Who else would marry a guard? What decent woman could make Guiana her home for 15 years?

C——'s wife, a redhead named Berthe, had thrown acid into the eyes of another prostitute in a Toulon brothel. Rather than go to jail, she had come to Guiana and married the Ape.

She opened the door when I reported for duty. She was an angular, bitter woman, wearing a dirty cotton frock. Her dyed hair was uncombed.

Insolently, Berthe outlined my duties. I had to make beds, scrub floors, sweep rooms, polish furniture, wash linen, and prepare vegetables. She pointed to a pile of cleaning materials. "You can start in the bedroom," she said.

As I made the bed, I felt a strange sense of uneasiness. It puzzled me for a moment; then I realized what it was. I was in a home—a hovel, perhaps, but nonetheless a home. A husband and wife lived here, had tables and chairs and privacy. And all of a sudden I felt a pain deep down inside, a yearning for a roof of my own, a front door, little windows with faded curtains.

While making the bed, I thrust my face into the pillow. It felt as soft as a cloud, and I could smell Madame C——'s cheap perfume. Then I realized what else I needed —a woman.

During the afternoon, Berthe had a visitor: Laston. He slipped into the hut and made straight for the bedroom. Before following, Madame C—— said to me:

"Wait in the kitchen and make sure that we're not interrupted. If my husband should come along, let me know at once."

So that was how things stood; Laston was Berthe's lover. It was only when he left the hut an hour later that I discovered the attrac-

tion of the scarred, tattooed mass-murderer. Protruding from the top of Madame C——'s blouse was a 100-franc note. The bookkeeper was the only man in camp who could afford such pleasure.

There was a sequel to the Berthe and Laston affair. Six months later, C—— caught the pair together and gave Laston a terrible whipping, then ran him to the cells. Laston was awarded five years' solitary confinement on St. Joseph's. I heard later that he went mad.

Berthe was also punished. Her husband gave her such a beating she was maimed for life. She must have been a grotesque sight when she returned to the cafés of France.

Poetic justice, maybe. After all, had she not come to Guiana because she threw acid in another woman's face?

APART FROM ST. JEAN, there were two other camps for *relégués:* New Camp, and St. Louis on the Maroni River. St. Louis was a St. Jean in miniature. Its only difference was that instead of cutting trees, the men worked planting potatoes. I was transferred to St. Louis in 1930.

From dawn to dusk, 30 of us made mounds of earth in which potatoes were planted. It was murderous work. We were bent double all the time. With a long, blunt knife we hacked the bush; with our bare hands we heaped the earth into long, low mounds.

We worked like machines, but deep down inside hate was fermenting. With neither the strength nor the chance to strike back at our oppressors, our revenge bubbled inside. Sometimes it boiled over.

There was Pellet, 59 years old, who had been in Guiana since 1901. How he managed to live so long I do not know—who can explain the lust for life of men who, according to the rules, should be praying for the peace of the grave?

Pellet was a silent man, and there was something terrifying in that very silence. In the hut he would sit for hours staring straight in front, only moving to roll a cigarette. He worked on the potato mounds with Cusson, a thief from Cahors. Cusson was friendly and basically decent, and he treated Pellet with a courteous respect.

Then one afternoon Pellet did a frightful thing. Without warning, he raised his bush knife and, with all the pent-up hatred of 30 years in prison, brought it down on Cusson's skull.

Without a sound Cusson fell to the ground. His face still bore its accustomed expression of puzzled melancholy. His head was split open to the nape of his neck. The knife was wedged there.

It was fully a minute before the guards comprehended what had happened. Then they wasted no time. In all my years in Guiana, I never saw a man so badly beaten as Pellet was that afternoon.

Two of them lashed their whips at the same time. When he collapsed to the ground, a groaning, bloody mess, they used their steel-studded boots. An hour passed before two men were ordered to carry him back to camp. There he was put in his hut to await transport to St. Jean prison.

When Cusson died, two of us were detailed to "plant" him. If I re-

by George Seaton



member correctly, he was buried under the third potato mound from the east side of the clearing.

On my return to St. Jean, I arrived in time to witness the public execution of Pellet the Silent.

One afternoon the guillotine arrived by train from St. Laurent. The soldiers helped la Durel, the executioner, erect it. It was placed in front of the official quarters and guarded by armed sentries. Next morning at dawn, we were assembled for the execution.

Looking back, I can see that the execution of Pellet the Silent was of great significance in my life. For I was able to watch every second of its revolting procedure without a qualm. It showed I had witnessed so much brutality, had experienced such misery and sorrow, that I was no longer moved by it. Filth, hatred, degeneracy, and vice had become an essential part of my life.

At dawn the bugle sounded and we were ranged before the guillotine. Pellet was marched out between two guards. He wore a new shirt and trousers. How ironical! You live in rags, but are dressed in some semblance of decency to die!

A mutter of anger ran through us when the executioner appeared, and the troops gripped their rifles more tightly. La Durel licked his lips and kept his eyes fixed on the ground. Somewhere in the bush an urubu—the vulture of Guiana—croaked its song of doom.

The two guards pushed Pellet forward. He knelt with his head on the block. La Durel made certain Pellet was in the right position . . . Whiiiish-thud! It was over.

The Senegalese troops formed into two ranks and raised their rifles. It was almost comic. They fired a ragged salvo to the sky. And as the crackle died away, the urubu croaked "amen."

LOOKING BACK, I feel I must have been one of the most fortunate of the men sent to Guiana. By 1938, when I was released from St. Jean prison after serving three years for a futile escape attempt, I was 37 years old. For ten years I had lived in exile without being murdered, guillotined, killed, or crippled by disease. While men died all around me, I lived—for what life was worth.

Every day in St. Jean prison I worked in the vegetable gardens. With a machete I hacked at bush, with my fingers I scraped holes in the earth for seeds. My back was crisscrossed with whip scars. I no longer had emotion or feeling. It all had the unreality of a nightmare, and one day I would awake . . .

In 1939 a rumor spread through camp: "France is at war . . . We are fighting the Germans again." The rumor gave rise to many strange stories, and two days passed before the commander assembled us and made the news official.

We returned to our huts, then

forgot about it. After all, what did it matter? France was 3,000 miles away. Given the opportunity, many of us would have joined the French Army—once in Europe you could desert. But since that was impossible, we didn't care if the Germans won—could they treat us any worse than the French had?

But it did make a difference. Cut off from Europe, Guiana's imports came to a stop. Our rations of food were reduced to ten ounces of bread a day, a small can of beef for four men, a handful of rice, and a mug of watery soup.

The director of the Penal Administration decided to build up stocks of wood. Although we were on a reduced diet, we were required to cut an extra pile a day, working in the bush from dawn until dusk. In the year that followed the fall of France, 600 men died.

They died like flies. There was no medicine for the sick. Two men were appointed permanent gravediggers. Even the bullies and guards grew thin, and the hungrier they were, the more they beat us. At night the huts were silent; everyone was too tired even to gamble or make love.

At dusk, guards were mounted over the gardens with orders to shoot at sight. Nevertheless, half a dozen men, maddened by hunger, did sneak in and steal a quantity of manioc, the raw ingredient of tapioca. Within two days all were dead.

One day we had a visit from the medical officer at St. Laurent. He must have been disturbed by what he saw, for a month later the Administration decided to cut the population of St. Jean by half—to send some of us to St. Laurent Prison. I was among those chosen to go.

St. Laurent was a paradise after St. Jean. Although we were still hungry, our work repairing barracks walls was almost a pleasure after chopping in the bush. Soon I landed a job in the hospital.

I worked there until the end of 1941. By this time so many men had been beaten up in the cells that it was decided to transfer all *relégués* to the Islands of No Return.

I was terrified. I knew the islands by repute. On St. Joseph Isle were the cells where escapees were sent to serve up to 20 years in solitary confinement. How many survived is shown by the fact that a special block was built as a lunatic asylum.

Royale, where I was first sent, was a small island, a mile and a half in circumference and covered with coconut trees. There were no fresh vegetables to eat, never any meat, and bread only on alternate days. We lived on dried peas, beans, and fish, and coffee through which could be seen the bottom of the gasoline drum in which it was brewed.

Men died every day from scurvy. I lost most of my teeth within a month, and became so thin that my legs were like the arms of an undernourished child.

Later, I was transferred to St. Joseph, where my daily task was sweeping the passages of the solitary-confinement block and where I was able to piece together a graphic picture of life there. Imagine a square courtyard lined with cells. Inside the courtyard is a hollow square lined with more cells. Inside that is another and inside that another—and so on, until you reach the very

center of all squares, where a watch-tower stands. From the top of the tower, galleries run, like threads of a spider's web, to the top of the outer courtyard wall.

The cells have no roofs. Instead, they are covered with iron bars. In this way, guards patroling the galleries can always see what is happening below. And since the cells have heavy iron doors, the only light to penetrate comes through the bars at the top.

But it is not sunlight, for over the entire cell block is a roof of corrugated iron, and illumination filters through narrow slits high in the roof, or from the restless eye of the tower searchlight that continually probes and flutters from cell to cell.

So a man is alone in his cell, yet he is not alone. There is the noise of the guards' iron boots ringing on the galleries, and the searchlight that flickers past, casting strange shadows inside the cell. It pauses, sweeps back, flashes away, then returns to blind a man again with its yellow dazzle.

Men did terrible things to get out of these cells. They lay on the concrete floor, praying for t. b. that would send them to the hospital. Even the horrible New Camp was better than the slow madness of St. Joseph. Men beat their heads against walls, tried to hang themselves from roof bars, stabbed themselves with splinters torn from their bunks, poked out their own eyes, calmly and deliberately broke arms and legs.

Small wonder that a special block was built for lunatics . . .

After I had been on St. Joseph for six months, it was announced that *relégués* would be sent back to St. Jean. The French reform law of 1938 was being put into force and the penal colony was closing down. Every day the number of men decreased. The worms fattened as body after body was "planted" among the trees. The soil was growing rich, fertilized with the flesh of men it had killed.

Before the war, with new arrivals constantly coming, the population of St. Jean averaged 1,600 men. When I returned from the islands, there were only 300 left. Thirteen hundred men had died in a single year, compared to the prewar death rate of 360.

How had I managed to survive? I do not know. I was toothless, half-crippled with rheumatism, bent and crooked, and so emaciated I resembled a parchment-covered skeleton with a distended belly. Yet I remained alive. Perhaps my survival had something to do with "the will to live."

When we arrived at St. Jean, the commander addressed us. "You've had a nice vacation on the islands," he said. "I'm sure you have all returned fit for greater efforts in the bush. Now, you will cut an extra half meter of wood a day . . ."

AFTER I HAD BEEN at St. Jean for three months, I was so weak I was taken from bush work and made a waiter in the warders' clubroom. I detested having to serve the warders their meals, carry their drinks, scrub their tables and chairs. They insulted me, beat and kicked me.

Their wives were equally vicious. Only occasionally did they receive a new dress of cheap Brazilian cotton or a new pair of shoes. They

really looked the sluts they were—bloated faces, matted hair, and decaying teeth. They had no cosmetics and little soap, but it didn't seem to worry them. They were happy so long as the phonograph with its scratched old records was working, and they could dance and get drunk and sleep with whoever took their momentary fancy.

After six months at St. Jean, it was announced the camp was to be closed and we would be transferred to St. Laurent. It was good-bye to the green hell of St. Jean, my home for almost 12 of the 14 years I had spent in the jungle. I had witnessed unbelievable atrocities and cruelties there, had been the victim of God knows how many beatings and punishments. St. Jean had aged and twisted me, destroyed all the kindness and humanity that I had ever possessed.

Now St. Jean was being handed back to the bush. The huts would crumble into dust; the steel doors of the cells would rust into powder; relentlessly the jungle would press in and obliterate that graveyard of the living dead. But it will never be obliterated from the minds of the men who survived.

At St. Laurent they housed us in long, narrow cells. The weeks, months, and years dragged by. Occasionally the guards beat us, but now they, too, were becoming weary and tired, content to drown their miseries in gin. Decay and indifference had eaten into the heart and soul of the place.

Then, in 1946, it was announced that the Ministry of France Overseas had decided to liquidate the camps. All the men in Guiana were to be returned home. A wave of mad excitement spread through the prison. Back to France and liberty; a return to decency and humanity and kindness! It seemed too good to be true. It was.

When repatriation started, there were 2,000 men left in Guiana. By the end of 1947, about 300 had returned to France, a few more had died, and the rest, like myself, were waiting their turn. But their turn never came.

In Cayenne, houses were crumbling, weeds grew in what once were gardens. As the last prisoner died, the last official left, so would the jungle make its last encirclement.

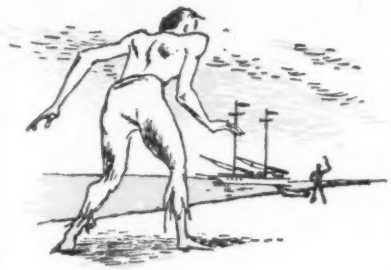
One day when I had reached the lowest depths of despair, I was offered a slave job on a nearby farm. I took it. But here, too, the days were endless, followed by long black nights. There was no hope of ever getting away. At the farm I lived on dried fish and half-cooked potatoes.

Often I sat in the cool of the evening by the water's edge and looked out across the Atlantic. Boats passed, traveling between Cayenne and St. Laurent, and sometimes, on the horizon, the lights of a transatlantic ship slowly winked by. Where, I wondered, were they going? To France, perhaps, or England. No matter where they were going, their destinations spelled freedom . . .

Then came July 24, 1949. I shall never forget that date, although the day started in the same way as a million others—clammy and hot, with the bush steaming and urubus croaking in the treetops.

When I walked to the sea for a bath, I found a trim white yacht moored offshore, a Dutch flag flut-

by George Seaton



tering at her stern. In charge was a giant of an officer—a blond god with the physique of a weight lifter. When he caught sight of me he called me to him.

"I am English," I explained.

"Intriguing," he said. "Tell me about yourself."

Why not? If I played my cards cunningly, I might be able to touch him for a few francs. So I told him most of my story as we stood there in the steaming bush.

When I had finished, he asked, "Why don't you escape?"

"Do you think I've not worked out every possible detail of an evasion!" I protested. "Do you think I like it here?"

Suddenly the Dutchman pointed to the shore. "If you want to leave this place, get in that dinghy!"

I was too bewildered to move. I stood there, trying to form words, but they would not come. My brain whirled. Without more ado, he pushed me into the boat.

I was still in a daze when I stumbled up the yacht's ladder and was led below. It had all happened at a pace too fast for me to follow. As I entered the cabin I fainted. When I came round, the engines were throbbing and sunlight cast dancing shadows on the bulkhead.

I was lying on a bunk with a soft pillow beneath my head and a crisp, white sheet over my body. I became frightened. I was certain I had gone mad and that I was imagining things.

I climbed from the bed and walked to a mirror. A lined, brown face, crumpled in a puzzled frown, stared back at me. Still not understanding, I blundered round the cabin, looking for my clothes. They were not there. I sat weakly in a chair and tried to sort things out. But I could not concentrate.

I was fascinated by the cabin. Everything was so clean, so white and unreal. Clean sheets, a carpet on the floor, curtains at the portholes, an upholstered chair to sit in. Such surroundings as these were 23 years and a million nightmares ago.

There was a knock at the cabin door. "How are you getting along?" the Dutchman asked.

"I'm not sure."

He patted my back. "You cannot realize you are away from Guiana," he said. "You are on the road to freedom. Don't you understand?"

No, I didn't. You can't suddenly, in a dozen hours, lose the beliefs, thoughts, methods of reasoning, and state of mind of 23 years. After half a lifetime in Guiana, where decency and kindness were sentimental memories, you cannot quickly accept new values.

The Dutchman told me his name —Van Exel— and spoke of his wife in Paramaribo. I listened politely, but one question was burning in my mind—what's going to happen to me? Finally he came to it.

"I am going to drop you ashore in Dutch territory. Mention my

name, and they'll get you transport to Paramaribo. By the time you get to the capital, I'll be there. My address is 54 Julianastraat. Come and see me, and I'll see what can be done about smuggling you into British Guiana."

An hour later the yacht dropped anchor and the Captain rowed me ashore. He gave me a suitcase. "Inside," he told me, "is a change of clothes." He pointed out the trail I was to follow.

I climbed ashore. I gripped his hand and wanted to speak, but something stuck in my throat. Finally I managed to say, "Why are you doing this?"

"Why?" He smiled. "What is the purpose of our being in this world if not to help our fellow man?"

With a wave of his hand he climbed back into the dinghy . . .

I AM NOW LIVING in Georgetown, British Guiana. Because my mother went to Paris for my birth and so made me a French citizen, it is impossible for me to return to England. I am a criminal and would be refused entry. I am staying at the Salvation Army hostel, and soon hope to find a job. I do not want or expect much from life. I'm tired of running away, I'm sick to death of always looking over my shoulder to see if a guard is following. I only want the right to walk the streets again as a human being.

I want to make the best of what is left of my life, but I can never forget the past. I can never forget the death and decay and foulness of French Guiana. I can never erase from my memory the vicious sadism of the guards, and the processions of men dragging themselves around the refuse bins in search of food.

My back burns with the recollection of the hundreds of cuts received from warders' whips; my nose is filled with the smells of prison; my eyes can see the lepers on St. Louis Island; my ears can hear the groans and cries of the incurables in New Camp.

I shall not forget. I cannot forget. Indeed, that would be too much to ask of any man who can still call himself a man.

Winter's  Wonders

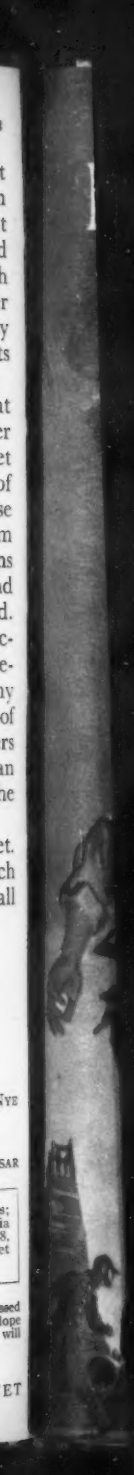
Some winters linger so long in the lap of spring that it occasions talk. —"BILL" NYE

If you wish to have a short winter, have your note come due in the spring.

—EVAN ESAR

PHOTO CREDITS: 6, Wallace Litwin; 8, Warner Brothers, Universal-International, and United Artists; 10, Andre de Dienes from Rapho-Guillumette; Spanish Tourist Office, Ray Atkeson, and Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce; 15, Arthur Griffin from *The Boston Book;* 75 and 90, Suzanne Szasz; 76, 87, and 88, Rae Russell; 77, 78, 80, 83, 85, 86, and 89, Tana Hoban from Rapho-Guillumette; 79 and 82, Harriet Arnold; 81, Constance Bannister; 84, Jerry Darvin; 115-130, Earl Leaf from Rapho-Guillumette.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.



ying at
nd soon
ot want
m tired
o death
houlder
. I only
e streets

of what
n never
r forget
ulness of
er erase
s sadism
ocessions
s around
of food.
recollec-
cuts re-
ips; my
mells of
he lepers
ears can
s of the

ot forget.
oo much
still call

—"Bill" Nye

ng.
—Evan Esar

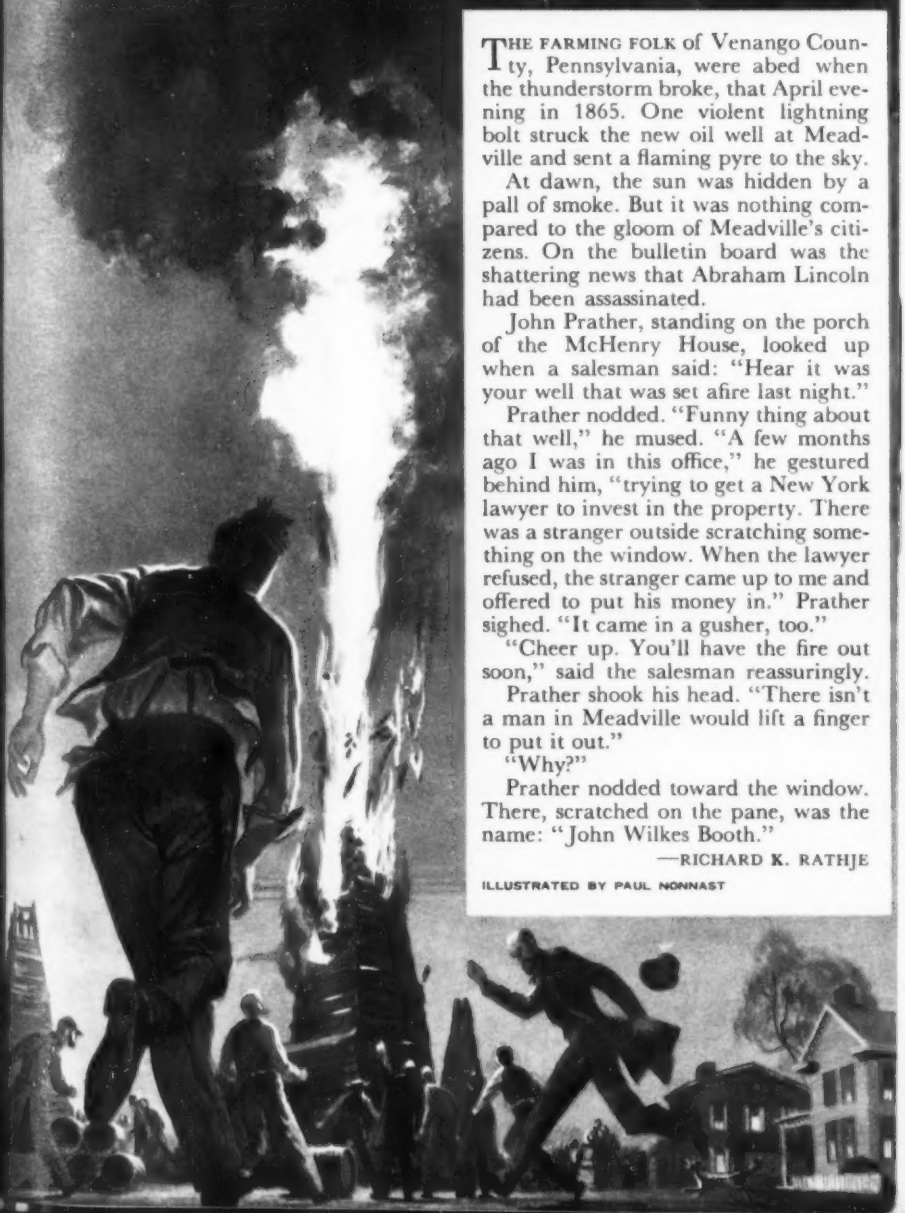
ited Artists;
Philadelphia
, 87, and 88.
82. Harriet
nette.

d be addressed
essed envelope
ponsibility will
ion.

CORONET

A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

Bolt of Coincidence



THE FARMING FOLK of Venango County, Pennsylvania, were abed when the thunderstorm broke, that April evening in 1865. One violent lightning bolt struck the new oil well at Meadville and sent a flaming pyre to the sky.

At dawn, the sun was hidden by a pall of smoke. But it was nothing compared to the gloom of Meadville's citizens. On the bulletin board was the shattering news that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated.

John Prather, standing on the porch of the McHenry House, looked up when a salesman said: "Hear it was your well that was set afire last night."

Prather nodded. "Funny thing about that well," he mused. "A few months ago I was in this office," he gestured behind him, "trying to get a New York lawyer to invest in the property. There was a stranger outside scratching something on the window. When the lawyer refused, the stranger came up to me and offered to put his money in." Prather sighed. "It came in a gusher, too."

"Cheer up. You'll have the fire out soon," said the salesman reassuringly.

Prather shook his head. "There isn't a man in Meadville would lift a finger to put it out."

"Why?"

Prather nodded toward the window. There, scratched on the pane, was the name: "John Wilkes Booth."

—RICHARD K. RATHJE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

"As a singer, I must have a mild cigarette. I made different mildness tests and my throat made the decision . . .

CAMELS!"

Ezio Pinza

famous basso of opera, musical comedy and movies



IN A COAST-TO-COAST TEST OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WHO SMOKED ONLY CAMELS FOR 30 DAYS, NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORTED:

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS